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February 1950

The American Mercury

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT OF EUROPE? James Burnham

CASE FOR CHIROPRACTIC Sherman Levin

CASE AGAINST CHIROPRACTIC J.D. Wassersug, M.D.

WHEN SEX FLOURISHED IN ONEIDA Stewart H. Holbrook



TITOISM

OUR MORAL PROBLEM

by R. H. Markham

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The Skeptics' Corner

A great deal of false information is accepted as Gospel truth by vast multitudes of men and women, some of them of considerable education. They accept this "truth" because everybody else accepts it, or because it seems to be "right," or because—well, it's more comfortable not to question too many things.

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The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME LXX

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Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1950 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

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The American Mercury 570 Lexington Avenue New York 22, N. Y.

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The American Mercury

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT OF EUROPE?

BY

JAMES BURNHAM

THE United States has always sensed that its destiny is more irrevocably linked with Europe than with Asia. The United States has realized, in its own way, that its civilization is a projection of Western, Christian civilization, the source of which lies in Europe, not in China or India or Central Africa. It has felt, rightly, that the modern age has been the time of the world leadership of Western civilization, and that all the vast spaces and swarming peoples of the non-Western cultures have not counterbalanced the science, tech-

nology, and will to power of the West.

In this century, the United States has fought two great wars in order to control the outcome of contests begun within Europe. Though the second of those wars was fought simultaneously in Europe and Asia, the United States leadership judged, correctly, that the decision would come in Europe, and therefore made the European battle its primary concern. Following this war, the United States, under a variety of formulas, has thrown into Europe aid and

JAMES BURNHAM is the author of *The Managerial Revolution* and other books on political problems. He is a professor of philosophy at New York University. This is a slightly condensed version of one chapter from his latest book, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, which is being published by John Day this winter. (Copyright 1950 by James Burnham.)

energies in unprecedented billions.

There are those who argue that this primary orientation on Europe, even if once justified, has become an error. The fate of the world, they say, now rests in Asia, especially in China and India. Europe is finished. Resources poured into Europe are wasted, especially if by vainly sustaining Europe we divert means that might save Asia.

This criticism is well made in its insistence that we must prevent China and India from being swallowed and digested by the enemy. But in its comparative estimate of Europe and Asia, it confuses, I believe, the long run with the short crisis. Two or three generations from now, in our grandchildren's time, or in their childrens', the new age of Asia may come. The survival of the United States (if it still exists) may then be decided in China or India. For the next decade, however, which is the period of the present crisis, the period within which the United States may be obliterated before it has to face the full challenge of Asia, Europe remains the more decisive area. Not only do China and India lack the science, industry and technology for the determining conduct of modern war; they lack also the trained workers and technicians and administrators, and the social and political cohesion without which their potential power

cannot be channeled. These lacks cannot be quickly remedied even by the Communist sorcery.

If, on the other hand, all Europe were assimilated by the Communist empire, even a weakened and shattered Europe; if Europe's trained population and her stores of knowledge, her machines and formulas and historic experience, were joined to the present Communist resources, then the scales would be heavily weighted.

We rightly, then, think first of Europe. We must, however, think carefully, about the Europe that is, not Europe as it has been or might be.

II

Travelers in Western Europe during the spring or summer of 1949, if they had also been there during 1946 or 1947, could quickly note many symptoms of improvement. In England in 1949, food was still very poor, and life rather drab in appearance; but there was no unemployment, the shop-windows were full, the bomb rubble cleaned away, and the movies crowded. Figures could prove to you that production was greater than before the war, and many types of exports at their highest levels in history.

On most of the Continent, the restaurants were at their most deli-

cious, the wines triumphant, and the goods in the shops, which even a year before had been poor in quality and scarce, were admirable and abundant. In France, the thousands of bombed railroad bridges and culverts had been rebuilt, the tracks of the marshaling yards relaid. During one entire 24 hour period in April, the proud *cheminots* brought every train in France into every station exactly on time. No one in France was unemployed. If the hotels still did not supply soap, they had been redecorated, and well stocked with wine and food and servants. The race-track at Longchamps was still the most beautiful in the world; the valley of the Loire was rich with the stores of two good harvests and the promise of another. In Italy, there were fine new docks in Naples, and a fine new row of hotels along the Bay to replace those that the bombs and shells had destroyed. In Milan and Parma and Florence and Bologna, masons and carpenters were busy on railroad stations and police headquarters and apartments. In the Low Countries, as in England, thousands of new small houses were finished or in process, and factories were busy.

In Western Germany, a year's change had been the most dramatic of all. Though the buildings were still shattered, and much of the rubble still remained within the shells,

factories were working, trains and cars were running, fairs were being held, and it was possible to buy more things and food — almost any thing, almost any food. In June 1948, the magic wand of the currency reform had conjured out of empty cellars and attics and warehouses the needles and cloth and shoes and bicycles and sugar and meat and pots and pans that had disappeared from the face of the German earth. The next real trouble in Germany will start, they said, if the occupation authorities reduce the German standard of living to that of England.

Even politically, though there was not much that was impressive, there seemed to be a favorable contrast to 1947. In Britain, the government was firm and the opposition loyal. On the Continent, the governments were not so firm, but they were managing to hang on without too much disturbance. The Communists, who looked almost ready to take over several countries in 1947, were still there. After the Italian elections, however, and the failure of the French general strikes, it no longer seemed likely that they could, unaided, take power from within.

To the casual traveler, the European surface could give such impressions in the spring and summer of 1949. But it would not have taken him long to discover, if he chose,

that this surface was not a mirror but a distortion of what lay beneath. Lend-lease, UNRRA, and the Marshall Plan, together with the episodic upturn that was bound to follow the war and occupation, had served to obscure and warp, but not to alter, the European realities.

Inflation had wiped out Germany's money, and had carried other currencies down to a tenth or a thirtieth of their prewar values. The governmental budgets of France and Italy were wholly dependent on deficit financing. Britain was balancing its budget and paying for its too rapid nationalizations and social service extensions by taxes that meant not only a grim austerity but a rise in costs that was pricing her out of world markets. Everywhere the dollar crisis was strangling free world trade. If there were no unemployed in France, there were many in Italy, which was nevertheless increasing its population at a rate of half a million a year. There were goods in the shops, but there was not enough money in the pockets of the masses to buy them—the workers needed every franc or lira or Deutschesmark to get food and a minimum of clothing. The factories, machines and mines were old and inefficient. In France and Italy, the huge capital plant represented by the homes of the people was worn out and literally crumbling;

in Germany, millions of persons lived in odd corners left half-intact by the bombs. Eleven million refugees from Silesia, East Prussia, and the Sudetenland pressed on the West German economy, which was bare of capital and deprived of the greater part of its European and world markets. Throughout Europe, huge and sterile bureaucracies sucked at shrinking resources.

For centuries, Britain has maintained her economic position through her relation to her great Empire; through her merchant ships, which carried half the sea-trade of the world; through her position as the world's money and insurance center; by acting as the principal entrepôt for trade with the Continent; and by enormous foreign capital investments. Now all that has ended. Italy too had and has lost an Empire; and France's empire since the war has cost the billions of francs that have gone into the attempts to suppress revolt and dissension.

The European economy has for centuries been organized in terms of an interchange between Western and Eastern Europe—the grains and minerals of the East for the finished goods and capital of the West. And now the iron curtain cuts that interchange to an unworkable trickle. Europe has acted as banker and workshop for the world; but now the

advancing armies of Communism progressively reduce the area of the world accessible to Europe, while tariffs and exchange controls paralyze the markets in the remainder.

III

The political realities beneath the relative quiet of the European political surface in the spring and summer of 1949 were only a shade less dark than the economic. Some of the smaller nations (notably Switzerland, Holland, Norway, and Sweden) were political going concerns. And Britain, in spite of the immensity of its difficulties, was a going concern. The British government was a genuine government, a sovereign. The opposition, except for the Communist traitors, was loyal: loyal to the nation and the government, however sharply critical of the party that was leading the government. In accepting the restrictions which they knew to be necessary to their country's survival, the citizens, though they grumbled, were responsible and disciplined, in their homes as well as in public. It was clear that Britain was not ready to quit.

But in France and Germany and Italy, the chief and determining countries of the Continent, all was still in doubt. The citizens were contemptuous of their governments, cynical, disillusioned and often corrupt.

Black market manipulations in gasoline and foreign exchange, privilege and favoritism and graft, were open and accepted scandals. Taxes were a matter of deals with officials, not of law and regulation. With two or three exceptions, newspapers were the paid propaganda sheets of individuals and cliques who subsidized their deficits. Fascism, Nazism, occupation, and the two terrible wars in which even the victors had been defeated, had left the unhealed scars of moral deterioration.

There was evident in these three nations a partial dissolution of the community. The inhabitants were functioning as semi-autonomous individuals, groups and factions, not as members of single national communities. Peasants, bankers, merchants, financiers, industrialists, trade union officials, bureaucrats, soldiers, police, political parties — each sub-group was out to do the best it could for itself, with little concern for the effect on others or on the interests of the nation as a whole.

Under such circumstances, the governments were not genuine governments, not truly sovereign. (In Germany, of course, with the occupation and the East-West division, there could not in any case have been a genuine government.) They were interim, liaison committees in which the various divisive real interests in-

tersected and, by a process of endless manipulation, were compromised just enough to keep things going.

The mark of sovereignty is the ability to decide. These governments were incapable of decision. In France, they could not decide to tax the peasants, who were prosperous; and in southern Italy, they could not decide to distribute land to the peasants, who were poor. They could not decide to discharge useless bureaucrats, or to force efficiency on high-cost nationalized industries. They could not discipline middlemen who were fattening on outrageous profits, or put an end to the raids of speculators in international exchange. They could not decide what kind of army they wanted, or how to get it. They could not suppress the Communists, or live without them. They could not cut social services nor find means to pay for them. Though they knew that Europe must be united, they could take no actual step toward unity. Above all, they could not decide whether to commit themselves finally in the world struggle against the advancing Communist empire.

The ministers of these governments were chosen by the central committees of various of the many parties into which the formal political life of the countries was divided. Most of the parties and their central committees, however, had lost all living

contact with the respective peoples. With the help of systems of proportional voting, which prevented any direct check by local constituencies, the central committees were self-perpetuating, and were able to select all candidates and functionaries. The party leaders were old in years and older still in political age; the parties themselves were the ghosts of a past era. Military defeat after Italy's fascism and Germany's Nazism, liberation after France's occupation, found those three countries with no political structure or leadership corresponding to the real movements within the masses. A makeshift political scheme was imposed, partly on the insistence of Britain and the United States (reasoning as parliamentary doctrinaires). The old parties were dragged up from the dust-heaps, given addresses, and printed on ballots. Old leaders, who had shown courage in concentration camp or exile but now represented only a shattered past, or who had lived aside in a university classroom, or who had simply kept drearily alive with a record of error and cowardice and even betrayal, were eased into the party offices and the parliaments.

Why should we expect these men, with their parties, to be able to lead Europe? Are we to rely on Daladier, the apostle of Munich? on Reynaud, the veteran of boudoirs and banks?

on the friends of Badoglio and Ciano? on Blum, who made the Communists a force in France by welcoming them into the united front? on Queuille or Schuman, who survived by a studied policy of remaining obscure? on the chauvinists of the Ruhr and Bavaria who use the German Christian Democratic Union?

In France, the unsovereign government has taken the name of "Third Force"; and the term Third Force has been generally applied to the type of government which is now prevalent on the Continent. It is one of the oddest of ironies that the idea of the Third Force has found much favor with the literate public and also with the government of the United States.

The real meaning of the "Third Force" is to be discovered in its origin: a speech delivered by Juan Perón of Argentina, early in 1947. The idea of the Third Force, Perón said, was the expression of Argentina's determination not to take sides in the world struggle between the Soviet Union and the United States. This continues to be the basic meaning in Europe, in spite of the local variations and the ideological decoration given by popular intellectuals.

In France, the two serious organized political forces, both of which do have genuine roots in the masses, are the Communists and the Gaullists. Together they command the adher-

ence of a majority. Neither, of course, was represented in the government of 1949 — which is one most obvious indication of why the government is not a genuine government, why it can decide nothing. The French governments since 1947 have, in relation to the internal political situation, been able to exist only by balancing the two real internal forces — Gaullism and Communism — against each other; and this has been possible only because the issue between these two forces has not been settled. This internal balancing is only the local expression of the more general international performance. The Third Force, in political fundamentals, is the attempt to balance internationally between "Soviet dictatorship" and "American imperialism" (as they are called by the ideologists of the Third Force); the attempt to avoid taking sides, definitively and irrevocably, with either one or the other; the attempt to be neutral in the world struggle.

That this is the meaning of the Third Force is openly stated, in Europe, by the leaders and publicists of this hermaphroditic political tendency. (For publicity in the United States and England, the point is put more palatably: "to avoid dictatorship whether of the left or of the right.") Beneš of Czechoslovakia, who was always the personal and political

friend of the present Third Force leaders in Western Europe, was a model Third Force statesman. Today, the spokesmen of the Third Force in France, Italy, and Western Germany seem more inclined to Washington than to the Kremlin. That is because today the pressure on them from Washington is heavier than that from Moscow; and the nature of the Third Force is to yield to the heavier pressure. But in Prague, the weight was from the East, not the West, as tomorrow it might be in Berlin or Frankfurt or Paris.

The Third Force cannot suppress, or even materially weaken, the internal Communist movements, because the Communists are necessary to the existence of the Third Force — you cannot balance unless there is something to balance on. If the Communists were removed, the Third Force as a political tendency would automatically and simultaneously disappear. The Third Force cannot in external policy take an unyielding stand against Soviet Communism because the world meaning of the Third Force is the attempt to avoid the consequences of the world struggle between the Soviet Union and the United States.

I have said that it is oddly ironic that the European Third Force has been favored by many in the United States, and by many within the

United States government. It is ironic because the Third Force is in reality a sticky obstacle to the development and prosecution of an adequate U. S. policy. The favoring attitude, however, is also natural. The United States has not yet fully made its own decision, and therefore feels a lingering sympathy for the Third Force for the very reason that the Third Force is the distilled essence of political indecision.

IV

The question confronting Europe is, simply: "Will Europe survive?" Perhaps, today, the question is, more exactly: "Does Europe wish to survive?" If it does not wish to, it certainly will not.

It may seem absurd to ask this second question; yet, just as in the case of individuals, so in that of social organisms, there can come a point where the will to survive vanishes. In that disappearance, perhaps, as much as in external attack, lies the explanation of the collapse of Sparta or Egypt or Rome. It may be that modern Europe has undergone too much, that the perpetual struggle no longer seems worth while. Centuries of wars and sufferings and tyrannies and revolutions have culminated in the unparalleled ravages of this century. And what is there, or may there be, ahead? Another war, still

more terrible, atomic and biological. Europe again the battleground, again the scene of occupation, and no less threatened by Liberation than by defeat. Why not, then, quit now, live for the present, and adjust passively to whatever future comes?

There is evidence of the weakening of the will to survival in the loss of the sense of community, to which I have referred, in the demoralization and separatism and cynicism. There is further evidence in the mood that a stranger feels in the books and conversation and art, in the popular café-philosophies, like Sartre's form of existentialism, and in the attitudes of profound indifference (*je m'en fichisme*). When the Communists staged their great Paris "Congress of the Partisans of Peace" in April 1949, no anti-Communist Frenchman even cared enough to picket or to denounce; no one had been sufficiently indignant to tear down any of the thousands of posters on which Picasso's sinister dove was advertising the Congress.

At a Florence street café, one spring evening in 1949, I saw the insolent leader of a small gang of neo-fascist schoolboy hoodlums punch and kick a little head-waiter (because, apparently, he was an Algerian — a "foreigner"). The Italian crowd (in Florence, which had a Communist mayor), and the other waiters and the

café's professional bouncers (the police not even appearing), went no further in their concern than a half hour of loud and elaborate mass talking, after which the hoodlums retired singing, in good order.

It is easy to be deceived in one's judgment of mood and feeling. In the case of Europe, however, there are more objective tests of the wish for survival.

I have observed elsewhere that Europe cannot survive unless the following four conditions are realized:

(1) Eastern Europe must be brought back into active relation with Western Europe. But this cannot be done so long as Eastern Europe is under Communist domination.

(2) Europe as a whole must get at least some measure of economic and political unification.

(3) The Communist movements within the Western European nations must be reduced to impotence, since, so long as they are powerful, they are able to, and they will, sabotage European recovery.

(4) Europe must find outlets for its population, energies, products and capital in less developed sections of the world.

Europe's will to survival can, therefore, be measured by the extent to which it wills these conditions, and takes steps, or at least attempts to take steps, toward their realization.

The fact is that the governments and official leaders of the major Continental nations are doing almost nothing of importance with respect to any of the four. Far from promoting any policies that aim to push the iron curtain eastward, they draw trembling back from all concrete proposals that might have that effect. They permit their internal Communists to have complete freedom, and take no steps against them even when the Communist leaders openly announce their treason — as they have done in their declaration that Party members will not under any circumstances obey orders to fight against the Red Army. The principal moves toward European unification made by the major nations are eloquent speeches by ancient politicians at polite conferences, while in practice the nationalistic restrictions are continued and in some cases increased. The tendency is withdrawal from, rather than expansion in, the rest of the world. Individual Europeans who write, for example, that Europe must begin the major development of Africa are laughed at as dreamers.

Under these circumstances, it is hard not to wonder what is to be expected from the proposed European rearmanent program. In order to resist, the first requisite is not arms but the will to fight and, if necessary, to die — the will that is the first

derivative and the primary demonstration of the general will to survive. If Europe does not wish to fight, what good will arms be? Those men in whom the will to survive has been strong have usually managed to find arms, or to take them.

Under the present French government, the post of the head of the Atomic Commission, the most sensitive and perhaps the most vital of all posts bearing on modern war, is held by a member of the French Communist Party, Frédéric Joliot-Curie. Under his administration, the Atomic Commission is laced with agents of the MVD. It was Joliot-Curie who was Chairman of the Communists' Congress of the Partisans of Peace. At that congress, one of the principal speakers was Yves Farge, the sole French observer at the Bikini atomic tests. How close a military liaison do the U. S. Joint Chiefs of Staff want with a government which considers such arrangements fitting? What return should be expected from the arms with which it might be supplied?

Indeed, granted the present European circumstances, the North Atlantic Pact is itself a doubtful device. It, too, is an expression of the containment policy. It does not say to the Communists, "Go back," but only, and not very loudly, "Come no further (in Europe)." It adds not an ounce of real weight in the power

balance between the Soviet Union and the United States. It can, moreover, become a kind of psychological and diplomatic Maginot Line, under the illusory protection of which the need for more dynamic action may seem less urgent.

v

To the original question — “What is to be expected from Europe?” — the answer must be: from Continental Europe, under its present circumstances, very little, and perhaps less than nothing. However, the present governments and governmental parties are not identical with Europe, and the present circumstances are not necessarily eternal.

The Communists stand actively for the death of Europe — its death, that is to say, as a historical, cultural and moral entity, since the victory of Communism would entail the destruction of the set of values and historical traditions which give Europe its meaning.

The attitude of many of the European political parties and leaders, and of some at least of the west European governments, is equivalent to a passive acceptance of the death of Europe, since they are not willing to initiate those steps upon which European survival depends.

There remain in Europe, at the same time, many millions of persons

in whom the will to European survival is not faded, however its expression may have been frustrated by the artificial, unreal political structure that has been erected over Europe during these recent years. Some of these persons are organized, or beginning to organize, though often in curious ways. Others are isolated, sometimes bitter individuals. Some are resting, as if by a collective understanding, on the sidelines, until they have some assurance that action — and sacrifice — shall be to some purpose. The anarchist workers of Belleville, the silent peasants, the engineers and foremen blocked by an outworn economic organization, know, better than Paul Reynaud or the ideologues of the Third Force, the catastrophic nature of the European crisis. But they are not willing to respond with action to outworn men and parties and ideas.

It is toward these millions that American eyes ought to be turned, and on them that American policy ought to be oriented. The fact of the European situation is simply this. Europe, under the blows of the twentieth century, has been battered into a condition in which it cannot itself take the initiative toward its own revival. This was in effect recognized by the proposal and acceptance of the Marshall Plan. In this condition, the voice from the East counsels suit-

cide, the acceptance of death. The problem for the United States, therefore, is to counter that negation with a clear summons to renewed struggle, and a clear assurance that the struggle will be worth making. This summons and assurance must be communicated not merely to ministers and bureaucrats, after the manner of traditional diplomacy, but to those men, not now prominent on the official surface of European events, in whom the will to European survival is still firm.

The United States must itself, in other words, announce, implement, and be prepared to enforce, the program of European revival. The main lines of this program we have noted elsewhere: the shattering of the iron curtain; the unification of Europe; the smashing of Communism; and the opening up of the entire world to a new period of economic, social and political advance. A European correspondent of mine summed up the problem: "What the European masses need is not another conference of Big Four foreign ministers, but a demonstration that the United States will have a firm and consistent policy against the Soviets." This is an adequate summation because the Soviet policy is in general and in each detail a guarantee of the death of Europe. The Soviet policy is to maintain and advance the iron curtain; to block by every means any moves

toward European unification (on any other than a Communist basis); to increase the power of Communism within every nation; and to prevent non-Communist access to ever-widening sections of the world. A program for European revival, consequently, can only be, in every respect, an anti-Soviet, anti-Communist program.

The United States can expect of Europe that which the quality of United States leadership calls for. If the United States appeases, yields to the Soviet Union and Communism, then to the degree of the appeasement, the United States will contribute to the further deterioration and the final annihilation and death of Europe. If the United States, under the illusions of a purely defensive policy of containment, drifts with those forces in Europe that have neither intelligence nor will left for anything more than drift, then the United States may perhaps prolong, but will not avert, the agony. If the United States accepts the responsibility, assumes the initiative and offers the leadership, then — and only then — Europe will respond creatively. The Europe that today seems to be like an aged parent who clutters up the house, drains his child's substance, and querulously runs up doctors' bills, will again prove a wise counselor, and a brave partner in the building of a new world order.

THE ANATOMY OF SCHOOL SPIRIT

BY LYLE OWEN

FIRST as a seeker after wisdom, and then as a purveyor of that commodity, I have knocked around American institutions of higher learning for many a year. In classrooms, in assembly halls, at faculty meetings, at bonfire rallies, over the coffee cups, under the shady trees — everywhere I have heard the demand for more “school spirit.” Almost everybody, from the newest freshman to the loftiest trustee, is in favor of more of this stuff. But hardly a man among them can tell the inquirer what it is.

Though concrete definitions of school spirit are hard to come by, there seems to be general agreement as to some of the background facts. Major among them is the sad circumstance that school spirit is not a steady burning light, but often flickers, even at universities bearing the noblest names — though their libraries be bursting with books and their faculties outshining the stars above. Agreement is also general that a series of football victories is the most potent

specific for flagging school spirit, and that a school that never wins might as well pension the faculty now.

In office and classroom, in boarding house and byway, I have searched through high and low samples of the human mind for a good definition of school spirit, and have found none. *Someone*, I thought, should tell us what it is and how we may measure it, since it is so precious and so oft lost.

I gave much thought to this matter — as much, that is, as the arduous duties of a pedagogue would permit. And at last the answer came. As a flash, I had it: the Decibel Theory of School Spirit. As so often happens, the answer came not as an apparent result of long-protracted mind rumblings and turnings, but as a sudden simple inspiration, tripped off by a trifling event.

The event was the invasion of my classroom by a roaring mob of lunatics early one Monday morning. The mob was led by a great ape, of the ancient species *Homo insapiens*, lustily beating

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a bass drum. This creature was nominally enrolled in my class, and he occasionally graced it with his body, though not so with his mind. Since, however, he was the scion of one of our financially prepotent patrons, most of his vagaries were looked upon with considerable tolerance by the authorities. On the days when he attended class, he sat where the fate of the alphabet had placed him, squarely before me in the middle of the first row. There I could observe him at length during the considerable moments when the level of recitation did not demand my undivided attention, and often I wondered that nature should put so much bracing underneath such an empty loft. It was as if great Atlas had steadied himself, and then held aloft a hummingbird feather.

But back to the Decibel Theory of School Spirit, which I now want to present to the world. A decibel is the usual unit for measuring the loudness of sounds. Zero on the scale is the threshold of human hearing, and at about 130 decibels, sound reaches an intensity begetting pain. As will presently appear, one can make out a case for measuring school spirit in other units — foot-pounds, for instance — but the greatest common element is noise, and decibels are therefore the best measure.

On the Monday morning men-

tioned, the doors burst open with a bang, and the mob, a couple hundred strong, came roaring down the aisle, yelling over and over to those seated in the room: "Walkout! Walkout! Show your school spirit! Come on! We beat A. & M. No school today!"

Sternly I confronted the ringleader, prepotent scion. "What does this mean?" I demanded.

"It's school spirit," he bellowed, and whacked the drumhead again. It was about a 90 decibel whack. "Walkout! We won! No school today."

The agglutinating mob went its way from room to room leaving our halls of learning thoroughly demoralized and well-nigh empty. The math professor, a large man, was carried bodily from his room, and this fact suggests a possible alternative, which may be called the Foot-Pound Theory of School Spirit. But usually, on a campus, where there are foot-pounds there are decibels also. It is largely through the alchemy of football that the transmutation of the one unit into the other is effected.

II

A notable case in point, and one which still thrills me at the memory evoked of school spirit rampant, occurred at an Eastern college while I was there taming its young wildcats. We won the big game of the season,

and celebration plans filled the air. As darkness fell, things began. The denizens of the men's dormitory built a big bonfire, centering around a couple of old wrecked cars which they had dragged to the middle of the street beneath the dormitory windows. The asphalt pavement began to melt, and slowly flowed seaward. The city fire department, loath to see the taxpayers' dollars vanish in this way, rushed some of its doughtiest fighters to the scene.

Our students were nettled by this political interference with their fun, and, after retreating inside the dormitory, lustily bombarded the firemen with pop bottles. The firemen, stung by such civic callousness, summoned the *gendarmes*. By now, the students were low on bottles, and so they pulled the plumbing fixtures off the walls and threw them out the window too. It was one of the most inspiring exhibitions of school spirit I ever saw. Decibels were resounding in all directions, and school spirit flowed for blocks around. The hoses hissed, the police cursed, the sirens blew, glass crashed, and the descending plumbing bounced about the street — certainly one of the most decibelic demonstrations that a scholar was ever ear-witness to. But there was another sound, too — touching, spiritual — which rose clear and sweet above the din, and this was the glad cries of our

youthful scholars, loyal and brave as they defended alma mater. Such experiences make a teacher's life memorable.

Unfortunately, the taxpayers had hired a superfluity of police in that community, and they finally prevailed. Some dozens of our students spent the night in jail, but then were released without penalty. They came out seething, indignant beyond belief at having been so treated. Some of them got back too late the next morning to take an examination I had scheduled. A small matter, I thought; scholarship may have withered but school spirit lives on.

As the jailbird-scholars poured their tale of indignation into my ears, some evil spirit prompted me to ask them if they didn't think they had got off pretty lightly, as compared to the severe beating and stiff penalties handed out to some labor radicals a few days before in that same city, for a similar street riot. My question, intended to soothe and instruct, only added to the boys' indignation: they had not been mean, they said — just playful.

Most American institutions of higher learning, seeing the close connection between football and school spirit, use football scholarships and related inducements to staff themselves properly with brawn. There are, of course, some pedagogues of the old school

who sneer at athletic scholarships, some even going so far as to claim that they are a contradiction in terms. But most savants are more tolerant, and I even have one colleague, himself a former football player and therefore in the know, who maintains that there is a close correlation between football talent and general scholastic ability. Recruit a fine football player, he says, and you get a fine scholar. Hence it is only fitting that most of the scholarships given on our campus are either for football players, or to fill the band so that there may be music, pageantry, and other appurtenances of spirit at the games.

Though the training of an intellectual should steady him against being startled by ideas, I was a little startled by this one: that football genius and other high talent come wrapped in the same package. I had just never thought of it that way. It got me to thinking what reservoirs of talent the great professional football teams must be, since they get the cream of the college players. The Philadelphia Eagles, if the truth were but known, must be fairly bursting with sonnets and sonatas. The Chicago Bears, between moments of muscular strain, probably argue the respective merits of Kuiper and Urey as explainers of how the first big ball got made. When these tough heroes tire of mathematics they shift to semantics; then

when the nature of words wearies them they weigh the nature of things.

Sometimes the football player's struggle for culture becomes an obsession, carrying him beyond reasonable bounds. An episode of this sort transpired through my transom one dark night not long ago. This transom is but a narrow aperture over my office door, really too small for a large scholarship holder to squeeze through, but, with the aid of an accomplice, he made it. The transom was closed, and the hardware holding it of such quality that it must have made quite a screech, perhaps 50 or 60 decibels, as the steel gave way. There were no witnesses to the struggle, however, since this search for culture was undertaken in the dead of the night. I might add that it was the night before examinations, and that the key to culture, in the form of two sets of exam questions, was at the moment eluding the boys behind the locked doors of my filing cabinet.

The transom was tough to negotiate, but football builds muscles as well as ambition, and the gentlemen got in. They were a little rough with the cabinet; when the *Kulturkampf* was over, my cabinet was laid open and the questions had departed.

Sufficient clues were left that it was not too difficult to track down the invaders the next day. After I got one of my papers from his pants, the other

from his notebook, and a confession from his lips, I was fairly certain that I had the right man. But the coach, a considerable believer in due process, thought that anyone, especially a scholarship holder, ought to have a trial. Perhaps he was right; after all this is a free country. The faculty, probably without adequately weighing the effect on school spirit, suspended the two men, and in effect the scholarship, for one year.

Our university has handed out so many scholarships in the interest of school spirit, that I am amazed that we overlooked one excellent possibility for so long — scholarships for jugglers. We had had some second-rate jugglers, that is to say baton-twirlers, in olden days, but a couple of years ago we at last got our eyes on a nonpareil, a twirler without peer. My first intimation of this *coup d'éducation* came one evening when, after a hard day's work spreading ideas among the *ignorami*, the *illiterati*, the *unimaginati*, I picked up the evening newspaper. The following item caught my eye:

Skill in the fourth "R" — rhythm — pays off in the academic field, says the University of — scholarship committee.

"—, high school band drum major, has been asked to accept a four-year scholarship to become drum major of the University of — band.

This news aroused my curiosity in a mild sort of way, since I was on the university's scholarship committee, yet hadn't heard about this luck in getting a juggler so cheaply. It chanced that the next day was a scheduled meeting of the scholarship committee, and at that meeting I passed around the clipping and found that no member had heard the news. After giving the matter some thought, we concluded that there must be two scholarship committees.

III

There was only one cloud on my joy at this progress, and that was that we didn't have another scholarship to give a seal I once saw at a circus. This seal was the damndest juggler I ever saw. He could keep a ball aloft on his nose for half an hour at a time. Besides, he was a musician; we could have used him in the band. He played *America* in the most heart-rending fashion, on a row of brass horns. And all they gave him afterwards was a fish. We could have got him cheap.

School spirit has its æsthetic side. The other day, an earnest damsel came to me seeking counsel. In one of my classes she was, she feared, about to be "campused" — which, in the vernacular of our local scholars, means restrained, because of low grades, from off-campus social engagements (save on Saturday and

Sunday—even the campus may then uncampus themselves). She pleaded with me not to do it—not to report her as having a low grade—since she would then have to stay in and maybe study the other five nights of the week.

My purpose was stern, but there was something about her that began to have an effect on me. It could not have been her voice; it was only a little tinkling voice, not more than ten decibels. But there was something touching in her earnestness, and in the way her bosom heaved back and forth, pushing me closer to the wall on the forward phase of each heaving cycle. Besides, she smelled heavenly. I do not know what kind of flower dew she had sprinkled herself with before our appointment, but she smelled like the quintessence of some kind of essence.

One more deep breath, and I could feel my spirit rising. Then I came to a decision: this girl must not be campused tonight. The morale of our men, the spirit of our team, who knows—even the future of the school, depended upon her freedom of movement at vespers time.

Her bright eyes glistened with gratitude as she went her way, leaving a trail of fragrance behind her. And I was left lonesome with my books, but I had that clean feeling of a man who has just done his duty.

IV

There seems to be some confusion about what colleges are for. Even the trustees seem to be in some sort of penumbra on this subject. The one of our trustees who by common consent of the faculty has clearest claim to being civilized once told us, in faculty assembled, that our university is set up to teach two things: Christianity and capitalism. There were some murmureis in our midst who said that they had supposed the function of a university to be to search for the truth, and that, in such an environment, Christianity and capitalism, if they be indubitable truths, could well afford to take their chances.

One trouble with this trustee's view is that it leaves out school spirit, which also is of obvious importance. Some other trustees, however, remedy his neglect. The student-son of one of them told me one day when we were discussing a slight difficulty about academic freedom on the campus, and I had asked his father's reaction: "Oh, Dad wouldn't know about that. It's football he's interested in. He doesn't pay much attention to other things out here."

There is, of course, some danger that education will be lost sight of in the confusion over university purposes. I thought of that last year when I ran into one of my students on a

train. He was starting a long journey and had thoughtfully provided himself with reading matter to lessen the tedium of travel. As we conversed, I examined the literature on the seat beside him. It consisted entirely of brightly colored comic books.

He is still on our campus, and will graduate some day, I suppose. When he does, our university will have lost one of its best rooters, but he will be happier. He will not have to read the tiresome texts any more, and he will have much more time for his funny books.

Something really should be done to jazz up these textbooks, if some of our best rooters are not to be scared away from college. The books annoy a good many students. One of my pals cornered me the other day to complain about a text. "This guy don't write plain," he said, and read me a sentence. "That don't mean nothin' to me."

One of the professors sojourning within our walls argues that there is another kind of school spirit, built of such things as pride in the high quality of the graduates, continuing interest in what the faculty is doing, and a fond memory of how the vistas of ideas were opened up during one's days in residence. This spirit, he says, flourishes without football, as witness Chicago and Cal Tech which have no team at all. His is, however, definitely

a minority view. Most of our students believe that these two institutions will, if they persist in this course, become as Nineveh and Tyre.

One fine fall day, when I had been detained from the stadium spectacle by some wearisome pedagogical duty, like making up inscrutable exams and then hiding them in impossible places, I listened with envy to the mounting school spirit at the stadium. A mighty roar. Ah, the kickoff! Eighty decibels there. But soon the crowd emitted a lustier roar, in the magnitude of 90 decibels. We must have reached the enemy's ten-yard line. Perhaps a touchdown soon. A touchdown would be worth a hundred decibels. I braced myself for it, after first opening the windows to protect the glass.

But I was too conservative. Professors are often too conservative. The roar which came was ear-splitting, soul-stirring. It was 150 decibels if it was a whisper. The earth shook, the welkin rang, the windows rattled. And then, being in a historical mood, I reflected that so it must have sounded in the days of the Romans every time another Christian was thrown to the lions. The Romans had spirit too, though not, of course, school spirit like ours, since they were a rude, uncultured lot. That was before universities were invented; enlightenment had not yet spread throughout the land.

THE CASE FOR CHIROPRACTIC

BY SHERMAN LEVIN

While chiropractic, as a healing art, is only 54 years old, it enjoys the patronage of millions of Americans and others. Clearly, it merits public discussion; to ignore it is to run counter to the traditions of vital American journalism. The two articles presented herewith form the second in a series of analyses of "irregular" methods of healing. Sherman Levin is a free-lance writer who has made an intensive study of the history and philosophy of chiropractic. His article has been checked as to accuracy by two leading chiropractors in New York City, and by the International Chiropractic Association. Dr. Wassersug teaches at Tufts Medical College, is a contributor to general and medical journals, and is the author of two books.

UNTIL fifty years ago, scientific medicine was the final word on problems of health. If it proved unsuccessful, no hope could be held out for the patient. But now, a new, tested form of therapy holds out hope for many of those who formerly would have been given up for lost. Chiropractic has made the difference. In the United States today, more than one out of five persons has already availed himself of chiropractic service. More than 30 million Americans are deriving the benefits of this modern, drugless method of healing, and an estimated 2 million more will do so during the next year.

Though it is not a cure-all, chiropractic has had considerable success in such conditions of poor health as colds, asthma, skin ailments, female disorders, arthritis, allergies, constipa-

tion, and anemia, and in such serious diseases as infantile paralysis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, and diabetes. The *Encyclopedia Americana* reports a survey involving 110 specific diseases which revealed that of 99,976 cases under chiropractic treatment, 84,571 (or 84.6 per cent) completely recovered or were greatly improved.

Since it is a comparatively new therapy, its potentialities have yet to be fully explored. But thus far, according to its own spokesmen, the limitations appear to be determined only by (a) the extent of damage before chiropractic adjustments begin, (b) the age of the patient, and (c) the ability of the chiropractor.

The case histories tell the story as well as the statistics. Nineteen-year-old Aaron Olken, for example, was

medically discharged from the Navy, doctors having diagnosed his illness as ulcerated colitis — a severely painful condition of the colon accompanied by inability to eat and complete loss of energy. His weight had dropped from 160 to 110 pounds in less than eight weeks. He had been under observation for three months, during which specialists, diets, and medical treatment had all proved powerless to help. Aaron Olken was sent home; nothing else could be done for him. At home, he was brought to the attention of a chiropractor. After several months of regular service, he became active again, and his appetite and energy returned to normal. In a year, he could enjoy any foods he wanted. Now, five years after his medical discharge, he is in robust health.

Infantile paralysis struck suddenly at a four-year-old. Sonny Barcelo was hospitalized in a serious condition. Blood transfusions kept him barely alive. After three weeks, he was finally taken home. By that time, his weight had dropped to twenty-one pounds, and both legs and the side of his face were paralyzed. The doctor who gave the child his braces said he would never walk again. But chiropractic was suggested by a friend, and after three months of treatment, Sonny was able to take his first step. In six months, he was walking and

playing. The facial paralysis also disappeared. Today Sonny Barcelo is a runner on his school's track team.

Recently, a young mother underwent a pregnancy during which an extremely toxic condition had become complicated, after birth, by the appearance of tumors. She ran a high fever and was ordered to remain in bed. Despite penicillin injections and ice-pack treatment, the fever continued unabated into its tenth day. Having previously been a chiropractic patient, the woman insisted that her family call her chiropractor. He came during visiting hours (the patient was in a private room), and administered a chiropractic adjustment. By the next day, though it went unexplained in the hospital records, her temperature had dropped to normal, and the tumor swellings were gone. That day, the attending doctor gave her permission to leave the bed.

Integrity prevents practitioners from making extravagant claims, but the hard fact is that there have been chiropractic cures recorded in innumerable cases where medical treatment had failed and which had been pronounced "hopeless."

II

The beginnings of chiropractic go back to 1895, when a German physicist, W. K. Roentgen, accidentally discovered the X-ray. Some ten years

earlier, a young Iowa shopkeeper named Palmer had become enthusiastic about the possibilities of drugless healing when a group of "magnetic healers" came through the town of Davenport. He studied their ideas, practicing and experimenting for a decade. One day, in a patient who had suddenly become deaf years before, he noticed a peculiar swelling at the base of the neck where the man complained of pain. The area was decidedly tender. The unusual lump indicated to Palmer a seemingly strange positioning of a spinal vertebra.

With the man, Harvey Lillard, reclined on the table, Palmer sought to disengage the bone by delivering a sharp thrust with his hand. He accomplished this successfully; the pain was relieved at once. Then, some minutes later, Harvey Lillard, after being deaf for seventeen years, found he had suddenly regained his hearing.

Roentgen had, by chance, discovered the X-ray, and Daniel David Palmer, in the same year and also by chance, had discovered what was later to evolve into a new principle for treatment of disease. The date was September 18, 1895. His further findings led Palmer to believe in the importance of natural healing based upon scientific detection and removal of interference with the nerve system. A new principle of therapy was formulated, a principle in which the

body was considered in the mechanical rather than the chemical aspect.

In the 54 years since then, despite restrictive measures applied against it, the opposition of vested medical interests, and epithets, untruths, and distortions thundered through the nation's propaganda mills, chiropractic has emerged as a successfully developed and valuable science. It is the most important non-medical healing profession known today.

III

The nervous system supplies energy from the brain to all the organs, muscles, and cells. This energy is necessary for the proper functioning of all the parts. When a water hose is stepped on, flow from its nozzle is altered. It may be limited or stimulated, or stopped entirely. This, chiropractors believe, is exactly what happens when a bone — slightly displaced or misaligned — presses upon a nerve channel. Since the nerves control the work of the organs, when there is altered nerve action, there is abnormal physiological activity.

This applies especially to the spinal column. The spinal cord — the main nerve thoroughfare — is housed and protected by the many vertebrae. The backbone is a wonderful structure, engineered to support the body and cushion it against jars and shocks. However, it is being made to serve a

purpose other than that for which it was intended. Originally meant for use in a horizontal position, it has, through evolution, come to be used to support the upright frame, a vastly different utility of its mechanics.

In this position, the weight of the body and the downward pull of gravity create a constant strain on the column, and any sudden twist, blow, accidental strain or fall, even a sharp sneeze or cough, may cause a vertebra to slip or turn slightly from its proper position. When it does, the chiropractor knows that the nerve channel within is being pinched. As a result, that channel is unable to conduct its flow of energy at normal capacity, and imperfect functioning occurs somewhere along the line.

In each vertebral section, there is an opening through which a nerve group exits, spreading out in the nerve network to various parts of the body. Should a vertebra slip, or be jarred out of alignment, a pressure on the nerve group results at the section's opening. This displaced ("subluxated") vertebra presses on the nerve channel hydraulically through fibrous membranes and spinal fluid. It does not actually touch the nerves. In the same way, the pressure exerted on the brake pedal of a modern car is hydraulically transmitted through fluid to the four wheels, the pedal making no direct contact upon the wheels.

The term "subluxation," a common chiropractic phrase, has enjoyed increasing recognition by medical authorities in recent years. It denotes a condition of vertebral displacement in a degree less than that of dislocation, in which there is an alteration in the range of movement, but no rupture of ligaments. That subluxation without fracturing can take place has been amply proved. For example, Dr. Sumner M. Roberts, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, wrote in the comprehensive volume prepared by the Fracture Service in 1938:

From the anatomy of the atlas and axis [the uppermost vertebrae] it is reasonable to suppose that dislocation between them can take place without fracture, and this is confirmed clinically and by X-ray. Whether a dislocation in the lower cervical spine can occur without at least a minor fracture is debatable. Probably an incomplete unilateral dislocation, that is, one in which the articular facet on one side rides up on its mate below without slipping completely off, can occur without fracture.

In the American Medical Association *Journal*, Drs. Stimson and Swenson wrote, in 1935:

Since Jan. 1, 1929, there have been 66 cases of unilateral subluxation of the cervical vertebrae without associated fracture seen in the fracture service of Presbyterian Hospital. Of

these, five were seen in the first three years and 39 cases in the past eighteen months. This sudden and spectacular increase is not due to any change in the neck structure of New York's population but to the education of the members of the staff in recognition of the condition.

During the entire course of natural life, the body achieves a high efficiency in careful maintenance. The muscles and organs should normally be capable not only of carrying out their duties, but also of extensive self-repair. Yet, if the nerve system does *not* operate at maximum efficiency, constitutional weaknesses result, exposing the body to attack by bacteria, to the breaking down of certain tissues through fatigue, and to a disturbance of function.

At this point, chiropractic breaks with the symptomatic schools of healing. Barring abuse or injury, it holds, there is no reason to believe a perfectly sound kidney or stomach will malfunction of its own accord. Rather, malfunction, like fever or pain, indicates impaired activity within the body. It indicates that the flow of energy from the nerve center to the afflicted area is being interfered with.

The chiropractic procedure, then, is to remove this nerve interference ("pressure"), allowing the vital nerve energy to flow unimpeded to the organ. There, with the natural healing

processes of the body free to work, self-repair will take place.

✓ This procedure consists of physical manipulation to release the nerve interference. In the most accurate method of adjusting the key spinal vertebrae, spinographs (a special X-ray technique, developed for chiropractic needs) determine the nature and extent of the displacement. Then, the presence of the pressure is confirmed by electrical instruments, and a deft hand movement ("thrust") is delivered, accomplishing the specific vertebral adjustment for the individual requirements. The adjustment results in the release of the pressure, a fact again confirmed by instrument check.

Chiropractic is a remotely distant cousin to present-day osteopathy, with which it is often confused. While chiropractic holds nerve interference to be the basic cause of bodily disease, osteopathy is concerned with the blood-vascular system as the key to health. When an osteopath utilizes manipulation of the spine, muscles and joints, he is attempting to restore a normal blood flow. In other phases of its theory and practice, osteopathy has gradually moved close enough to standard medicine to have been generally "accepted" by the medical profession. As the American Osteopathic Association president, Dr. H. Dale Pearson, states, "Infection is more

likely if structural disturbances cause a lowering in the resistance in any body part. [Osteopathy] does not maintain, however, that techniques of manipulation alone will cure all disease, nor that all disease derives from structural malformation."

The chiropractic view of the nerve theory as a fundamental physiological truth is shared by eminent medical scholars. Dr. George W. Crile of Western Reserve University, in *A Bipolar Theory of Living Processes*, and A. P. Mathews, in *Physiological Chemistry* (both are standard works), refer to the nervous system as the master tissue. In another recognized volume, *The Symptoms of Visceral Disease*, F. M. Pottenger writes:

Inasmuch as the normal physiological equilibrium of the body is maintained through the nerves and internal secretions, and inasmuch as most symptoms of disease are expressions of disturbance in this normal physiological control, therefore, most symptoms are due to altered nerve and endocrine activity.

Dr. Richard J. A. Berry, Professor of Anatomy and Dean of the School of Medicine at Australia's University of Melbourne, had this to say in his *Brain and Mind*:

From the standpoint of the physician there can be no disease which does not disturb the nerve cells concerned.

... If the cause of the disturbance in these conducting pathways can be ... removed, the patient will be cured. Otherwise treatment merely diverts attention from the truth.

To would-be detractors who decry its rejection of the use of drugs, chiropractic counters that in its work it does what no medicine can do — it removes nerve interference.

IV

Strenuous and often vicious opposition from the commercial medical and pharmaceutical monopolies — to whose strangle-hold on public health it constitutes a serious threat of competition — has made the success of 20,000 practicing chiropractors more remarkable. About 50 million people have already been chiropractic patients; more than 80 per cent turned to it *only after medical treatment had failed*.

Since so large a majority come to chiropractors after medical diagnoses, results then achieved are especially meaningful. The International Chiropractors Association, in its most recent analysis, completed in August 1949, surveyed the findings of field chiropractors in over 3000 impartially recorded cases and reported:

In 970 cases involving arthritis, lumbago, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, and sciatica, 757 became well or

were much improved; 95 of 123 asthma sufferers, and 115 of 145 with sinusitis were completely, or to a great extent, cured; similar success was recorded in 81 per cent of 53 hay fever cases, 88 per cent of 84 insomnia cases, and 89 per cent of 72 migraine headache cases; in 36 cases of diabetes, 24 resulted in complete, or almost complete, success; in epilepsy, 26 out of 33, and in paralysis, 41 of 59 patients were made well or greatly improved; the same degrees of success were achieved in 47 cases, or 76 per cent, of menstrual disorders, and 280 cases, or 77 per cent of nervousness; 74 of 112 patients with high blood pressure became entirely well or were much improved, as were 72 of 94 patients with heart disease. . . .

The complete statistics also included studies of anemia, angina pectoris, bronchitis, colds, constipation, deafness, dermatitis, eczema, headaches, hemorrhoids, indigestion, kidney disorders, low blood pressure, mental disorders, multiple sclerosis, muscular incoordination, prostate trouble, stomach trouble, and ulcers.

Personal accounts of chiropractic patients are dramatically revealing. Nick Kenny, the songwriter-poet and popular New York journalist, told me of his own experience. Some years ago, his back became painful, and for a period of several weeks he found that after sitting at his desk, it was almost impossible to straighten up.

This condition recurred a few times. But then, in 1945, during an extremely severe attack, he collapsed. He was carried from his office.

"My head was throbbing with tremendous pressure," he recalls, "and I was bent over in pain. I couldn't move. The doctors said they would have to operate for a ruptured spinal disk. That meant being immobilized in a cast the length of my body for months afterward, I was told. Then a chiropractor friend, Dr. Francis X. Sauchelli, told me of a Dr. Leo W. Zarrell, whom he highly recommended. He insisted I see this chiropractor because he had achieved excellent results in other cases like mine. I was taken to his office and there, after he analyzed the condition of my spine through X-rays and instrument, Dr. Zarrell adjusted a misaligned vertebra. After that quick adjustment the pain in my head suddenly disappeared, and I was able to straighten up without agony. It was a wonderful feeling. Then I took adjustments for several months."

Kenny's awareness of chiropractic goes back to the days when he played professional football. He found then that a Bayonne, N. J., practitioner, Dr. Jimmy Frazer, was able to help him after it seemed all his energy had been drained during a game. Now he believes in it as a method for treating the cause of specific ailments. "As a

matter of fact," he says, "one day not long ago I got a call from Dr. Zarrell, and it so happened I had a terrible cold then. When I told him, he said to come to his office at once. Now, I always thought a cold was something you just had to suffer through, but he said, 'What are you talking about, Nick? We get practically 100 per cent success with colds. Come on over here for an adjustment.' Well, the adjustment licked that cold almost overnight."

Kenny is in good shape now. Members of his family have become chiropractic patients. He goes for periodic checkups, and his back is as strong as ever.

I talked with Rick, whose family has never known the reason for his medical discharge from the Army. He had told them a fictitious story when he came home, to spare them worry. Rick was about 25 when Army doctors first noticed certain swellings in his body. Hodgkins Disease was suspected. At that time he had frequent severe headaches for which prescribed glasses were no help. In the next year, his condition became more pronounced, with increased swellings and daily headaches, and he was transferred to Walter Reed Hospital. There the diagnosis was confirmed as Hodgkins Disease by the Army's finest diagnosticians and specialists. Rick underwent extensive treatment, but

after nearly a year, during which he received the best possible medical care, he was medically discharged. His disability was rated "100 per cent — Totally disabled."

"So," Rick says, "I came home, told the family a story I'd made up, and went to the library to find out about Hodgkins Disease. It's a swelling of the lymph glands, and later on of other organs; it's usually fatal in several weeks to a couple of years. There was nothing I could do about it, so I sat back to sweat it out. But one day I broke down and told the truth to a friend. Luckily for me, he dragged me down to his chiropractor."

Adjustments were started immediately. Within six months, the unbearable headaches disappeared. Later on, the swellings decreased, and finally, in another year of treatment, all the symptoms were gone. "I was discharged from the Army about five years ago," Rick tells, "and now I'm 25 pounds heavier, I'm on my feet doing hard work twelve hours a day, six days a week. I never felt better."

At the annual physical checkups, Veterans Administration doctors shake their heads, and tell Rick he looks pretty fit to them. But he hasn't told them the reason. His disability rating has been gradually reduced; it is now at 30 per cent. He goes for chiropractic examinations several times a year.

V

An increasing number of successful medical doctors throughout the country are utilizing chiropractic technique, though in most cases pressure from medical societies and the threat of professional ostracism prevents them from publicizing the fact. More than four hundred insurance companies, including the largest among them, accept chiropractors' statements in filing claims. The Atlas Mutual Life Insurance Company expressed its belief that using chiropractors would help industrial plants to reduce by one third employee absenteeism due to sickness and accident. The Ryan Aircraft Company, of Los Angeles, has a full-time chiropractor on its payroll. A large construction firm has employed one for some time, as has one of the nation's biggest steel companies. During a serious flu epidemic, Dr. Lee W. Edwards, an Omaha physician, successfully handled over a thousand cases of pneumonia, pleurisy and influenza, using only chiropractic adjustments, without losing one case.

Robert Cummings, the motion picture actor and producer, told how \$120,000 had been saved on his latest production. Companies always take out insurance against illnesses, since every day lost may run into thousands of dollars. "I noticed, however,"

he said, "that if there is no sickness, the insurance company gives a rebate to the policy holder. I had a cold one day and a friend told me of a chiropractor who might help. He did, and I got him to take care of the whole company — cast, "grips," electricians — everyone. Well, we didn't lose a day through illness, and we got the rebate."

In recent years, the Cleveland Indians, New York Yankees, Pittsburgh Pirates, and other ball clubs, have had trainers who are chiropractors. There is a chiropractor on the board of the California Boxing Commission. The American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Disabled Veterans are clamoring for Veterans Administration recognition of chiropractic as part of its health service.

Unfortunately, there exists a certain amount of prejudice against chiropractic. It is licensed in 44 states, the District of Columbia, Alaska, and Hawaii. But Louisiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi and New York have not as yet enacted regulative legislation. They may do so soon, however: in New York, a bill to license chiropractors lacked only one vote during the last session of the legislature.

Senator Warren Magnuson, in a recent nation-wide broadcast, argued the need for including chiropractic in health legislation now being considered by Congress. Citing the *Con-*

gressional Record figure of 30 million chiropractic patients, he said that in any national health plan which may be enacted into law, "Each citizen must have the right to select a doctor, qualified and licensed under state regulations, of the healing profession *of his own choice*." In most cases, the curriculum and hours of study necessary for chiropractic licensure parallel requirements of the American Medical Association for Class A medical schools. Any recognized chiropractic curriculum includes intensive training in anatomy (including embryology and histology), physiology, biochemistry, pathology, bacteriology, and diagnosis (including symptomatology) — physical, clinical, and laboratory.

Like other academic institutions, chiropractic schools have been rigidly inspected by the Veterans Administration. A need for 80,000 chiropractors in the next ten years is anticipated. The Committee for Chiropractic Education, spearheading the profession's drive to make America chiropractic-conscious, plans to establish extension training programs in several Negro colleges — a fitting tribute to Harvey Lillard, the first chiropractic patient, who was a Negro.

Chiropractic is licensed and practiced in five Canadian provinces. In England, a council has recently been set up to fix educational standards for drugless practitioners, and there are

plans for the establishment of a professional school of the highest rank. Throughout Britain, medical specialists frequently refer patients to chiropractors. Practitioners in other countries — there are not many, so far — cannot handle all the patients who want adjustments.

Spears Hospital, an outstanding chiropractic institution in Denver, is one of the largest hospitals in the country. It has its own nursing school, and its staff includes 40 full-time resident chiropractors and 80 internes. In its free clinic, more than 50,000 underprivileged children have been treated — from 150 to 500 of them three times a week. Of all the cases treated at Spears, acute and chronic, over 90 per cent had been previously given up by medical doctors or declared "hopeless." More than 50 per cent were victims of so-called "incurable" diseases.

In the face of a continuous barrage of biased mis-statements and name-calling — with charges that it is "unscientific" and "quackery" — chiropractic has kept up exhaustive experimentation conducted along the finest scientific lines. The B. J. Palmer School of Chiropractic, for example, pioneered the theory and use of the spinograph, and has utilized, since 1910, more than 1.3 million of these X-rays.

The Palmer Clinic maintains a com-

plete medical division which, using regular medical technic, ascertains symptoms, pathology, and diagnosis, and corroborates all chiropractic clinical research and therapeutic findings. A long-range program of twenty laboratory experiments is also being conducted at the Clinic; it involves 4000 patients. Hematological changes — changes in the blood picture — resulting from specific chiropractic adjustments have already been studied, and urological changes under specific adjustments are now being recorded. Other tests under way include basal metabolism, electrocardiograph, heartometer, and pre- and post-adjustment X-ray comparisons.

In these laboratories, the latest diagnostic and experimentation facilities are available. In addition, there is highly specialized chiropractic apparatus. It varies from a palm-sized instrument to a huge one ("electroencephaloneuromyotomypograph") housed in a specially-devised room, of suf-

ficient sensitivity and accuracy to be able to measure the electrical energies throughout the nervous system.

Extensive programs are being carried on by the National Chiropractic Association and the International Chiropractors Association, including the study of public health problems, psychosomatic chiropractic, endowment of scientific research, improvement of educational facilities, and the establishment of additional hospitals and sanatoria. Chiropractic is taking its place alongside scientific medicine.

To those who have known the benefits of chiropractic, and to those for whom it has meant hope and health, the value of chiropractic cannot be debased. That patients come almost entirely through personal recommendation, and usually only after other treatment has failed, and that in more than 80 per cent of all cases they achieve excellent records of recovery, are the strongest possible testimonials to its value.

THE CASE AGAINST CHIROPRACTIC

BY JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

ANY simple mechanistic theory which attempts to cope with the diagnosis and treatment of illness is bound to prove totally inadequate. Man is

not a steam engine, a dynamo or an automobile. Human illnesses, like human beings, are of an almost infinite variety. To presuppose, as

chiropractic does, that infections, tumors, nutritional deficiencies and congenital defects, all have a common denominator — disturbances of the spine — is to hold what can be refuted by the layman's daily observations.

Case histories, as interesting and intriguing as they are, may prove nothing more perhaps than the gullibility of individuals. Every cult has its adherents. Believers in voodooism have provided eye-witness reports of the miracles that can be accomplished through the occult. Believers in yoga can claim marvelous cures for the body and mind from practicing the mystic art. Chiropractors also can cite case histories proving that manipulation of the spine works wonders. For example, Mr. Levin cites an article in the *Encyclopedia Americana* that seems to give credence to stories of wonderful results obtained by chiropractic treatment. But he neglects to point out that the article is signed by L. M. Rogers, Executive Secretary of the National Chiropractic Association. One would hardly expect such a leader in the field of chiropractic to find statistics yielding less than 84.6 per cent recoveries and improvements.

Like individual case histories, mechanical analogies for the human body are fascinating, but they may be terribly misleading. To compare the

intricate and delicate physiological adjustments that are constantly going on in the body with a garden hose, or with the braking system of a car, is to be naïve. If we were to continue with Mr. Levin's analogies, we would conclude that the chiropractor attempts to stop a leak in his cellar pipes by putting his hand over the nozzle of his garden hose. As for the automobile, the chiropractor conceives of a car simply in terms of brakes and hydraulic fluid. For him there is no ignition, no carburetor, no gasoline. He repairs the automobile, regardless of what trouble may be under the hood, simply by adjusting the air in the tires to the proper pressure. It wouldn't work on a car. It doesn't work in the human body.

If we are going to compare the body with a mechanical device, let us be reasonable. Let us compare it with something that it resembles in complexity, e.g., a busy telephone exchange in any large city. In this analogy, the chiropractor neglects all the switching devices in the central and branch offices, and concentrates his attention solely on the phone set on his desk. If the line is out of order, the chiropractor can only do one thing — he can jiggle the receiver and hope to set it right that way. It must be admitted that this method sometimes works, but it is hardly scientific.

Mr. Levin is not content to rely solely on the authority of the *Encyclopedia Americana* and the Executive Secretary of the National Chiropractic Association. He quotes from medical text-books to prove that chiropractic is established on a rational and scientific basis. Let us examine his quotations closely.

II

For example, there is one quotation by Drs. Stimson and Swenson that appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1935. The quotation cited is the first paragraph of an article which simply points out that subluxations of the spine may occur. But if one reads the entire article, instead of the three sentences which are quoted by Mr. Levin, one finds that the authors also call attention to the various diseases of the neck that may be mistaken for subluxations of the spine. Among other things, the authors report that inflammation of the cervical glands, inflammation of the neck muscles, arthritis of the spine, and wry neck, can very closely mimic true subluxations. For the chiropractor this must be sheer poppycock. In their lexicon, every disorder is a subluxation. Furthermore, the authors point out in this article that conclusive proof of the diagnosis of subluxation lies in obtaining careful stereoscopic X-rays of

the neck bones, taken with the patient lying on his side. The chiropractor, of course, would not have to bother with such X-rays. He simply makes a diagnosis by a touch of his fingers. According to Drs. Stimson and Swenson, many of these subluxations slip back to their normal place spontaneously; some others require only the slight manipulation that takes place when the patient's head is held in the proper position for X-ray examination. One wonders, in view of these facts, whether Mr. Levin read the entire article or simply stopped at the end of the first paragraph. If anything tends to refute chiropractic theory, it is this very article which Mr. Levin cites to bolster his viewpoint.

In support of "the nerve theory as a fundamental physiological truth," Mr. Levin quotes Crile and Mathews as referring to "the nervous system as the master tissue." Crile actually states: "It was found that there was a wide range of variation among the various tissues and organs of the body in their resistance to death. The two organs which most promptly succumbed were the brain and the liver, the heart muscle and the voluntary muscle being approximately one hundred times more resistant. It appeared, therefore, that these two master-tissues must be the key structures." Please note that for Crile (as

for the regular medical profession) the liver and the brain are equally important to the life of the individual. Mr. Levin dismisses the liver by ignoring it, simply because it does not fit into chiropractic theory. The human body needs the liver; chiropractic apparently does not.

As for his second source, A. P. Mathews, the exact quotation is as follows: "The brain and nervous system control, either directly by nervous impulses or indirectly through the blood stream, the metabolism and the activity of all the other tissues of the body. They are, hence, the master tissue of the body." Please note again that Mathews considers the brain as important as the nerves. *Brain and nerves* make the master tissue. Chiropractors can, of course, ignore the brain with impunity. For them it has no important function.

It must be added, furthermore, that, much as Mathews' book makes of the brain and nerves as the master tissue of the body, careful reading shows that it fails to mention nerve interference as postulated by chiropractors. The chapter on the nervous system, from which the term "master tissue" is taken, deals entirely with the involved chemistry and physiology of nervous functions. If a chiropractor were to read this chapter, instead of simply quoting from its title, he would be struck by its

disagreements with his system of healing.

The quotation from Pottenger is, similarly, a partial quotation which tends to lead the reader away from the truth. But even as it stands exhibited by Mr. Levin, it reads: "Most symptoms are due to altered nerve and *endocrine activity*." (Italics mine — J. D. W.) Does the chiropractor ignore the endocrine glands entirely, as he ignores the brain and liver? Does he have no use for thyroid, pancreas, or sex hormones? For Dr. Pottenger, these endocrine glands and internal secretions are as important as altered nerve functions. As a matter of fact, Pottenger goes even further. He says, "The conception which has dominated recent advances in medicine has been an anatomic one, but that which must dominate in the future, at least, that which must be considered as of equal importance, is the physiological one." This in itself might serve as a condemnation of chiropractic theory and practice, which relies so heavily upon anatomy and the spinal column.

III

According to Mr. Levin, the nervous system supplies energy from the brain to all the organs, muscles and cells, and "the spinal cord is the main nerve thoroughfare." Furthermore, since the nerves control the work of the

organs, when there is altered nervous action, there is abnormal physiological activity. This is the premise on which chiropractic is built. Let us examine it more closely.

One would gather from this concept that the brain is a terrific dynamo producing a high-voltage electric current, or that it is a charged battery, or that it is an oil furnace for a heating plant through which heat is distributed through a system of pipes. What type of energy is Mr. Levin talking about? Is he talking about heat, electrical energy, or steam power? Does he mean heat that can be converted into energy? As a matter of fact, from the scientific standpoint, it has been shown that the energy requirements of the brain are slight. The metabolism test, which is a measure of energy exchange in the body, shows very little increase in activity when the subject is concentrating on a difficult mental problem. The energy exchanges of the brain can hardly be explained as simply as chiropractors would want us to believe.

Is this hypothetical and unproved energy really necessary for the proper functioning of all the parts? Certainly not! Chiropractors might be surprised to learn that sex maturation, as well as the periodic changes of the menstrual cycle, are not regulated by nerves, but occur through the in-

teraction of hormones. Perhaps they do not know that ovarian tissue can be removed from its original site and be transplanted under the skin of experimental animals, and that the gland will then continue to function in its new location even though it is entirely deprived of the nervous impulses that are usually associated with it. Some organs can and do function even when the nerves to them are removed.

To contend that, barring abuse or injury, "there is no reason to believe a perfectly sound kidney or stomach will malfunction of its own accord," is an expression of whimsy or wishful thinking. It ignores the fact that a patient can be born with a double kidney, a horseshoe kidney, or a radically displaced kidney. It ignores the fact that the stomach can be the site of ulcers or cancers, or that it can even be lodged in the chest. Or does chiropractic presuppose that subluxations of the spine are the cause of these disorders? Does it go further and suppose that cancer of the stomach can be cured by manipulations of the spine? Are both private citizens and the government wasting millions of dollars on cancer research when the cause and cure is so simple? Can a chiropractic "thrust" relieve the obstruction of a cancerous growth in the lower bowel?

Mr. Levin belabors the "vested

medical interests" and attributes to them untruths and epithets that have been "thundered through the nation's propaganda mills." Yet, one does not need epithets or untruths to disclose the inherent weakness and subtle falsities of chiropractic. So far, we have met chiropractic on its own ground, and we have shown, from Mr. Levin's own quotations, that he has excerpted only partial truths as if they were whole truths, and that he has given to the quotations meanings and interpretations never intended by their authors. We have not yet struck at chiropractic where it is most vulnerable. We have not yet discussed the education of the chiropractor. Until a few years ago, the education of chiropractors was chaotic, even as judged by the standards of the chiropractors themselves. About ten years ago, an attempt was made by J. J. Nugent, D.C., Director of Education of the National Chiropractic Association, to send questionnaires to the various hospitals that gave courses on chiropractic, in an effort to find out what the various schools were attempting to teach their students. The replies to these questionnaires varied to such an extreme degree that it was impossible to tabulate them or make any real sense out of the picture. In an attempt to elevate the standards of chiropractic education, an *Outline of a Standard*

Course was devised. This was then adopted by the National Chiropractic Association on July 27, 1939.

This *Outline*, as presented by Dr. Nugent, reads like a joke-book when it is compared with the standards of regular colleges and medical schools. For example, the *Outline* states: "Standard text-books only should be used. The practice of teaching exclusively by notes or quiz compends must be discontinued." Please note that as late as 1939, only eleven years ago, chiropractic schools were still teaching their students on the basis of "quiz compends." Do we train our doctors to pass examinations, or do we train them to take care of the sick and ailing? Certainly no recognized medical college of that day trained its students from notes or quiz compends. The students of a few years ago are the doctors of today. The education of the doctor must be full and complete. The goal must be the care of the sick, not the passing of examinations.

IV

The selection of students for chiropractic training has apparently advanced very little in the past twenty years. Whereas most medical schools have made their admission requirements more stringent, so that they now include several years of college training, or even a college degree, the

chiropractor requires only a minimal preliminary education. One can go directly from high school to a school of chiropractic and skip any of the intermediate basic training in the sciences or arts that is made available in colleges. The N.C.A. code demands only a high school education — and even this demand is a relatively new one. The age of admission of an applicant is conditioned only by the fact that in most states he has to be twenty-one years old before he can take his examination and set himself up as a qualified chiropractor. However, Dr. Nugent is still optimistic. He hopes that chiropractic schools can be more selective in their applications “in the not too distant future.” As for faculty appointments, that is glossed over quickly; very little is said about the qualifications of the men who train the chiropractor. “Future faculty appointments must be made only from those who have graduated from schools approved by this code,” says Nugent. It can be readily seen that some chiropractors would like some day to see their healing cult become truly a *profession*. It might be well if they postponed their treatment of the sick until that day arrives.

Although statistics are not invariably reliable, a few might be cited to show that adequate training is a factor in passing examinations as well as

in caring for the sick. In seventeen states, the District of Columbia, and the territory of Alaska, a basic science certificate is a prerequisite for obtaining a license to practice the healing arts. In these areas, the basic science law provides for the establishment of Boards of Examiners, and requires that each person who desires to practice healing appear before his board and demonstrate his knowledge of the basic sciences. Such boards are distinct from licensing boards. A certificate of proficiency in the basic sciences does not authorize the possessor to practice the healing arts; it enables him only to apply for licensure.

In 1948, the nineteen boards in operation examined 3947 candidates. There were 3000 physicians and medical students in the group, 173 osteopaths, and 216 chiropractors. Among all the applicants, the percentages of failure were distributed as follows: of the physicians and medical students examined, 13.3 per cent failed; of the osteopaths, 38.7 per cent failed; and of the chiropractors, 65.2 per cent failed. In spite of “quiz compends,” in spite of the efforts made to have their students pass the basic examination, about two thirds of them still failed. No wonder, then, that up until 1946, the number of chiropractors who appeared before the basic science boards decreased

each year. They could not pass the basic examination and they knew it. Since then the number has again increased, thanks to Federally sponsored education for the veterans. Chiropractic schools can get U. S. government money and veterans, often at a loss for something better to do, are again filling in the chiropractors' ranks.

Since the proper training of the chiropractors is an ideal that their educators hope to achieve "in the not too distant future," and since they have such difficulty in passing the basic examinations in the sciences, one wonders in what way they are qualified as diagnosticians or therapists. Mr. Levin's citation of statistics showing that chiropractic therapy brought about improvement in cases of migraine headaches, diabetes, epilepsy, high blood pressure, low blood pressure, mental disease and eczema, proves very little. (It is doubtful that a chiropractor, with the limited skills which he possesses, could differentiate diabetes from other conditions which produce sugar in the urine, or that he could determine whether a headache is due to migraine or a brain tumor, or that he could know a patient with a cough has bronchitis and not tuberculosis, or that he could distinguish an anxiety state from thyroid disease. Listing all the diseases treated by chiropractors is almost meaningless.

How often has a patient come into a doctor's office complaining of a "cold" when he actually has a heart condition? The chiropractor is no better prepared than the average layman to make an accurate diagnosis.

v

It is time that we were done with such naïve statistical reports. Can any chiropractic success compare with the success of penicillin, streptomycin and aureomycin in the treatment of infectious disease? What can chiropractic offer that is as helpful in hay fever as the newer antihistamine drugs? What does Mr. Levin mean by "complete or almost complete success in 24 out of 36 cases of diabetes"? With insulin, *complete* success would be achieved in well over 90 per cent of the cases. In epilepsy, can the chiropractor claim the success that is achieved by medical men with anti-convulsants such as dilantin, mesantoin, even phenobarbital? Does the regular physician have to boast any longer of the relief of pain that he can achieve with the newer, narcotic-like drugs? Does he have to boast of his success in the treatment of anemia with liver or iron or folic acid or vitamin B₁₂? Does he have to call attention to the newer use of radioactive chemicals in the treatment of disease? Regular medicine, unhampered by any fixed theory, has so far out-stripped chiro-

practic or any other form of healing that it no longer has to rely on such tedious statistics to prove its case, any more than the modern navigator has to prove nowadays that the earth is a sphere.

One more word — chiropractic is hardly in a position to talk about medical lobbies or vested interests. Chiropractic has developed lobbying into a fine art. The chiropractic lobby always sees to it that in every session of Congress there is at least one bill furthering its interests introduced in both the Senate and the House. Two of the more recent ones were filed by Senator Pepper of Florida and Representative Huber of Ohio. Senator Pepper's bill, S. 2025, authorizing the appointment of chiropractors to the Veterans Administration's Department of Medicine and Surgery, had a public hearing on July 6, 1949. Officials of the VA voiced emphatic objections to this proposed legislation. Dr. H. A. Press, assistant to Chief Medical Director Paul B. Magnuson, informed the committee that there is no anatomic or physiological basis for chiropractic, and pointed out that its dubious educational system stood in sharp contrast to the high professional training standards of medicine. As Mr. Levin himself says, "chiropractic schools have been rigidly inspected by the Veterans Administration" — and the

VA will not have any part of them!

The contribution of chiropractic to science in general, and to the art of healing in particular, has been enriched little since the time when B. J. Palmer, the founder of chiropractic, invented a little gadget known as a neurocalometer. Palmer did not sell his device, but leased it for ten years to business-minded chiropractors. The original lease price was \$620, but it was soon increased to \$1200, later to \$1500, then to \$2200, and finally to \$3000. Prospective students who enrolled in his school in Davenport, Iowa, could obtain a neurocalometer with their diplomas at the original lease price. In attempting to mass-produce his device for the chiropractic profession, Dr. Palmer encountered some resistance from his own colleagues. Other chiropractors passed a resolution stating that they would not be intimidated by Palmer, and they attempted to restrain him from obtaining a monopoly on the chiropractic profession. Furthermore, they went on record "warning all chiropractic patients of the inefficiency of the neurocalometer and against the compulsory exploitation of prices by those chiropractors employing the use of said machine." In the same vein, the scientific reliability or worth of their present-day gadgets (even those with the biggest names) can be questioned.

THE THEATRE

by *GEORGE JEAN NATHAN*



TWO MUSICAL DRAMAS

THE Negro musical when written by Negroes is usually humorous; when written by whites, more often solemn. This is possibly a topic for a saucy essay, which I may write one day when and if I am in the mood. Since, however, I have already overdone the subject of the Negro in relation to the theatre, I do not feel inclined at the moment to pursue the matter and shall confine myself merely to a few speculative remarks.

Guarding against risky generalization, the white nevertheless seems determined to view his dark brother more seriously than the latter is disposed to view himself. This is a reverse condescension — more exactly, perhaps a snobbish generosity — of the kind one often observes in the treatment of minorities. In the case of some whites, it is sincere; in the case of more, it seems to be rather an

opportunism which, they hope, will rebound to their credit by establishing them as liberals with a deep sympathy and regard for their fellow-men of whatever color. The Negro is more forthright and more honest. If and when he writes of whites, he generally writes of them as gulls or bigoted knaves, which, all things considered, in the aggregate they most frequently are.

The white, in addition, likes to think of the Negro as a romantic. This, in turn, is the way one often looks upon a people apart from one's self, strange, remote, and markedly different. It is, in a word, the way the person not intimately acquainted with them looks upon, say, gypsies, Frenchmen, Latin violinists, and newspapermen. The average Negro, of course, is no more romantic than an Andalusian goat-herder or a church deacon, and considerably less so than even an old-line Southern white. That is, unless one regards as synonymous with

romance inherent unconcern and indifference, laziness, improvidence, and a penchant for humming bad tunes at inappropriate moments. He is, in brief, no more romantic than his average white brother. The latter simply sees him as romantic through his own romance-abbreviated vision.

What is worse, the white does not limit this aspect of the romantic to the Negro's lighter side but imbues it with importantly melancholy facets. The romance which he attaches to the Negro is part and parcel of what he is resolved to regard as the Negro's doomed and inevitable disappointment in the world, as if in this respect Negroes and men of other races were utterly dissimilar. The pseudo-adult white pleasures himself with the theory that the Negro is a child, either for purely sentimental reasons or because it lends unction to the collateral theory of his own relatively much greater wisdom and understanding.

In such a situation, Alan Paton's novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, stands out as exceptional for its poise and intelligence. If here and there it is sentimental, the sentiment is not arbitrarily incorporated into it but is honest and natural under the immediate circumstances. Simply and unaffectedly, the story of racial prejudice and hatred in British South Africa sings its say from the printed

page, and taking on size and not a little eloquence the tale of the Negro cleric and the white planter brought to some understanding and fellow sympathy by personal tragedies that have befallen them rings impressively true.

The musical tragedy which the Messrs. Anderson and Weill have now wrought from the novel and called *Lost in the Stars* has its merits but also its unmistakable defects. Anderson has been so little selective that the stage at times becomes crowded with elements that might well have been omitted. The final scene in which the Negro and white are seemingly made to solve the whole racial problem with a mere friendly handshake is, moreover, downright silly. The novel committed no such box-office hokum. The play or show suffers further from a puzzling monotony and, worse, from an over-all depressing air. The lift that was hoped for does not emerge; as the evening proceeds the feeling is diminuendo and the impression is of heavy weight rather than weighty affectibility. Strain has taken toll of the original simplicity, and a consciousness of gravity has supplanted an easy sense of it.

On the credit side is an avoidance, save at the end, of what might have been a temptation to theatricalize the novel's story out of its untheatricality and to embellish it, as is sometimes

done in such dramatizations, with elements supposedly galvanizing to the musical stage. Anderson has also tried his best to retain the novel's essential innocence, even if there are times when the staging confounds his intent and purpose. And, with the exception noted earlier, his resolve not in any way to cheapen his materials is clear.

On Weill's score it is not, save in certain particulars, easy for me to pontificate, since my knowledge of Zulu music is meagre and confined largely to a probably childish belief that it relies mainly on drums of various shapes, sizes and noises and on either something indistinguishable from the ecstasies of a football stadium or the droning sounds of a particularly assertive vacuum cleaner. I apologize for my Philistinism and ignorance. Beyond this dead ground, however, I may venture with slightly more confidence. Thus venturing, I may question Mr. Weill's honesty in once again borrowing from Drdla's *Souvenir* to provide another paraphrase of that composition and of his own derived *September Song* from *Knickerbocker Holiday* for his South African Negro; in leaning on Jerome Kern for a song for his ignorant Zulu maiden; in traces of scarcely Negroid Edmund Eysler for his other blacks; etc.

Perhaps, however, I do Mr. Weill

an injustice when I express such critical doubts. In an interview published in the *New York Times* before the show opened, he supported my skepticism: "But, you see, I wasn't trying to reproduce the native music of Africa any more than Maxwell Anderson was trying to provide with words a local-color picture of life there. I'm attempting to get to the heart of the public, and my public wouldn't feel anything if I gave them African tunes." Mr. Weill, in other words, has deliberately and dishonestly sold his score down the box-office river.

The exhibit is alternately helped and hurt by the Rouben Mamoulian staging and direction, which in its choruses, tableaux, etc., now and again appropriate and effective, nevertheless gradually acquire a forced and arty flavor. Mr. Mamoulian has stated his credo as follows: "It is possible to have realism but lose the truth. But you can use artifice in form and get truth without realism." Very true. But you can also so overuse artifice in form that truth becomes buried and lost in it. Mamoulian frequently mamoulianizes truth into artifice.

Of the actors, some of whom have been mamoulianized from Zulus into Oklahomans (with the exclamation point), Julian Mayfield as the Negro clergyman's son who pays with his life

for murder, is the only one, except for Gertrude Jeannette in the bit rôle of the protagonist's wife and Inez Matthews as the mother of the son's imminent illegitimate child, who manages to preserve some semblance of authenticity. Todd Duncan, in the chief rôle, has a valuable singing voice but is not gifted as a dramatic actor and, besides, has been directed into a smirking smugness and oily benignity that rid the character of any strength. Leslie Banks gives the white planter the routine British jowly performance, and the rest are hardly more noteworthy. A small colored boy named Herbert Coleman contributes a comical song called *Big Mole* that, on the opening night, seemed to be the audience's favorite feature of the occasion.

George Jenkins' settings, involving the shoving-out of more scenic cutouts representing houses, stores, shacks, jails, courtrooms and what not than figure in an elaborate revue, appeared greatly to impress everyone.

II

Marc Blitzstein's *Regina*, an attempt to fashion what approximates an opera but is called a musical drama out of Lillian Hellman's play, *The Little Foxes*, is unsuccessful for a number of reasons, most of them being Mr. Blitzstein's confusion of mere stuntiness with real artistic achieve-

ment. That he is experimentally adventurous is to be allowed, but his equipment for climbing mountains seems to be more aptly suited to the scaling of molehills. He has the courage and will for high endeavor, but at least thus far not the practical means. It is not that he hasn't a musical education; he obviously has. It is rather that, like a contumelious college boy, he affects the attitude of being hostile to his teachers and seeks to indicate his independence of them by making musical faces at them, behind their backs.

He is, in short, apparently so determined to assert his musical individuality that what emerges in this *Regina*, as it emerged in his earlier proletarian musicals, is less music than a kind of Scott Nearing hitting himself rhythmically on the head with a baton.

So far as the general critical objection to Blitzstein's conversion of the acrimonious and bitter Hellman drama into a musical goes, I can not agree. Other grim and bitter dramas have been set to music and to excellent effect. The apparent Broadway notion that opera is always necessarily full of sweetness and light is typical of the Broadway mind and Broadway taste. The limit which it has permitted cynicism is something like *Pal Joey*. There is no more good reason why Blitzstein should not have appropriated *The Little Foxes* for musical

purposes than why Richard Strauss should not have appropriated *Electra* or, for that matter, *Salome*. The objection should rather be confined to his means of procedure. That procedure, which involves among other things the occasional speaking of emotional dialogue and the singing of casual, is added proof of his resolve to be different merely for the sake of being different, and with the usual result that the resolve distills itself into the ridiculous.

Though Blitzstein prides himself on his instinct for the theatre, his work on this occasion indicates that the old maxim of the precedence of pride to fall often has some sense. He so confuses shrillness and noise with vibrant and deep emotion that an audience's reaction proceeds less from the heart than from the ear, as in the case of a loud automobile horn suddenly and frighteningly blown at one from the rear. He mistakes a musical shriek for a musical emotional stir. Some of his dramatic climaxes accordingly suggest nothing so much as musicalized women's college yells.

In the lighter moments of the exhibit, Blitzstein is more successful. In the dramatic, which are in the great majority, he fails for the simple reason that his approach to them is in terms of Sardou reduced to a 10-20-30 musical scale and elevated to an 80-90-100 racket.

There are those who disagree, though not the able music critic, Virgil Thomson, who, while allowing the work its moments of musical interest, observes that by and large, "the tonal habiliment of the script, as performed, is raucous in sound, coarse in texture, explosive, obstreperous, and strident. The musical composition is that of an incomplete opera, of one that hands over the expressive obligation to mere speech whenever the composer feels inadequate to handle the dramatic line." Leonard Bernstein, the able conductor, on the other hand is full of praise, though one has some little trouble understanding his enthusiasm for Blitzstein's performance on the peculiar ground that "Regina, perhaps one of the most ruthless characters in show business, sings melodies of enormous gentility and suaveness precisely at the moments when she is being most unscrupulous and heartless."

Only good words, however, may be written of the physical production, which is a constant delight to the eye even when the Blitzstein share in the proceedings disturbs the ear. Jane Pickens' Regina misses dramatically but is served fairly well vocally; Priscilla Gillette's daughter is much better all around; and two or three of the other rôles are given their due. The evening, in brief, calls only for a more skilful composer.

TITOISM: OUR MORAL PROBLEM

BY R. H. MARKHAM

WHAT the United States should do with as strange a political bedfellow as Marshal Tito is a question with a simple answer: it should use him as an agent to help break the Soviet front. It should use Tito as it tried to use Darlan, as Hitler tried to use General Vlassov, as the British tried to use Benedict Arnold.

This would in no sense mean appeasement of Tito, or acceptance of Tito's régime. When the Kaiser sent Lenin through Germany to Russia in 1917 to speed the breakup of the Tsarist empire, he was not appeasing Lenin. He knew Lenin would remain his deadly enemy. But in times of war — or cold war — dissidents and deserters can often be useful. Tito is a deserter from the Kremlin's empire and might be a very useful one. Indeed, he has already proved useful; the United States government has done well to use him, and should continue to do so.

Of course, there is a risk. The U. S. might lose in its efforts to use Tito; it must proceed carefully. It must

constantly keep in mind that it is using Tito in an act of subversion, a conspiracy, an attempt to help one bitter enemy oppose another bitter enemy.

How far should one go in such a conspiracy? Should the police who use a stool pigeon merely feed and protect him, or should they hand him a revolver, even a machine gun? Each risk must be weighed; the decision will probably be right as long as the police remember that the man is a criminal and their bitter enemy. But there would be danger if they suddenly began to think that the stool pigeon was a reform leader, an anti-vice crusader, the foe of outlaws, a national hero. The danger would be increased if noble ladies and sentimental men began to hold meetings in Sunday Schools throughout the land to extol him as a champion of the exploited and oppressed.

Unfortunately, that is what some of our writers are doing to the Kremlin deserter, Joseph Broz Tito. They are turning him into a national hero.

R. H. MARKHAM has lived intermittently in Eastern Europe since 1912, working there as an educator and foreign correspondent. His books include *Tito's Imperial Communism*.

Out of their fantasies and desires they are creating a cult of Titoism. One even went so far as to write that "Tito's brand of Communism is probably a more effective instrument for breaking up the iron curtain than Western liberalism [or] Western free enterprise." The New York *Times* front-paged an article by its chief European correspondent, C. L. Sulzberger, which pictured Titoism as a world-wide force operating from Paris to Shanghai, and quoted an American observer who placed Tito beside Thomas Jefferson, Walt Whitman and Franklin D. Roosevelt. About the same time, a front-page article in the *Christian Science Monitor* viewed Tito as a "third force" serving as a balance-wheel between East and West. This ruthless Communist was about to become a great moderator.

Frank Gervasi in the Washington *Post* has repeatedly urged that we supply Tito with all the help he needs. The Alsop brothers have also pleaded for him. A religious group has made a pilgrimage to one of his palaces, and even congressmen have hit the Tito trail, presumably to pay their respects to the Great Mediator. In the meantime, a British general has written one book about Tito, and Louis Adamic has begun another. *Life* magazine pictured him gazing out, like Napoleon, over the world; a new Tito paper has been started in New York

City; several Croatian and Slovene papers in the United States began to beat the drums and blow the whistles for Tito.

The climax was reached in a new "Headline Series" booklet entitled *Eastern Europe Today*, in which two authors, one a distinguished American journalist, pictured an Eastern European zone stretching from the Baltic Sea through the Balkans, under the influence of Tito. This would free the people from Russia and America, "certainly the solution which Eastern Europe itself would prefer." Apparently 100 million men, women and children are waiting for Tito to deliver them from the Kremlin and Wall Street. The booklet also speculated along these lines: "If America were willing, it might help Tito penetrate Hungary and Czechoslovakia." He might also spring "a popular revolution in Bulgaria." Poland is going to be freed "gradually" by "the existing régime."

Such is the potency of Titoism — among some Americans. Unfortunately, it has no such potency in Eastern Europe.

This wild speculation constitutes the main danger of Titoism. We are preparing a popular bubble that will burst in our faces. Like a feverish run on the stock market, this speculation is accompanied by a lack of morality and by fantastic dreams of easy profits.

II

Let us face up to two facts: first, that Titoism cannot be a decisive factor in Eastern Europe; and second, that the advocacy of Titoism by Americans is immoral — gravely immoral.

Perhaps we should begin by defining Titoism. Fundamentally, it is the organization, by Tito, of rebel Communists in various states, to be led in a crusade against Moscow. The ardent American Titoists make this plain when they talk of Tito groups among Communists in Italy, France, Germany and China, and when they say Tito will penetrate into Czechoslovakia and Hungary and spark a revolution in Bulgaria — all among Communists.

But this is fantasy: there are not many Communists in Eastern Europe; the Kremlin's hold on the Party groups (outside of Yugoslavia) is decidedly stronger than it was a year ago, and today there is no Communist faction which could successfully revolt. Moreover, most Eastern Europeans, who detest their Communist masters, would hardly be interested in following a Communist leader, however rebellious toward Moscow he might be.

Let us begin with Yugoslavia. Could it be a base for world Titoism, or even for East European Titoism? Economically, it is on the brink of

disaster, from which only "Wall Street" can save it. All social groups — workers, peasants and the small bourgeoisie — have suffered or are suffering grievously under Tito's régime. Tito's most loquacious spokesman, Milovan Djilas, boasted recently that Tito seized power by force, and it is plain even to Tito's most ecstatic American observers that he holds it only by force. His army is poorly equipped, his arms factories completely inadequate. All his effective war planes could be assembled on one big Russian air field. Oil is in short supply. This "great Communist" can only survive with the help of "capitalistic, imperialistic America."

Let us free ourselves from ardent journalistic romanticism and soberly observe conditions in the East European countries, to see what Tito could do.

In 1940, there were only one thousand Communists in Rumania, according to Communist reports. The present régime was imposed by Russia and is directed exclusively by Soviet agents, such as Ana Pauker and Luca Laszlo. Most of them are non-Rumanians, and they have no popular support in the land. Soviet soldiers are numerous throughout the country. The Communists, under Soviet direction, hold every source of power. There has been no appreciable disagreement in the Com-

munist Party in Rumania for two years. Can any sober observer actually believe that Titoism is going to free Rumania from Soviet Russia?

Or take Hungary. The Kremlin has never been stronger in Hungary than it is today. Laszlo Rajk ran the police and almost ran the Party organization, while Nicolas Palfy ran the military secret service. Yet they were eliminated without so much as a scuffle. When Rajk was hanged, no one raised a finger. Every gesture of overt Communist resistance in Hungary has been stopped, every whisper of Communist opposition muffled. The land is still dominated by the Red Army. What Hungarian Communist is going to follow Tito, from small Yugoslavia, against what appears to be the stupendous power of Communist Russia, visibly present throughout Hungary?

In Bulgaria, a country which once had an important Communist Party, the ablest postwar Party leader was Traicho Kostov. He was a native Marxist, full of energy, popular among his comrades, enjoying an unblemished Communist record. He was in a governmental position of great power. Nevertheless, the régime, or rather the Kremlin, liquidated him as easily as a Bulgarian waiter would remove a fly from the sour milk he was about to serve. Russians still abound in Bulgaria,

and the mighty Red Army is stationed along five hundred miles of Bulgaria's border. Moscow Communists control every source of power in the country. Most of Kostov's close comrades are in jail. Are we to believe that Tito, whose survival depends on distant capitalist America, is to enable the third-rate Bulgarian Communists to rise up against all that force and free their country?

To understand better the limits of Tito's power, let us look at the Yugoslav army, which is in no position to withstand any serious attack from Soviet Russia. Are there any grounds for believing that Tito's army is as strong as the royal Yugoslav army, which collapsed in a week? In all Yugoslavia, there were only 12,000 Communists at the beginning of the last war, of whom perhaps 3000 remain alive today. Most of the other Partisans who flocked about Tito, and who joined the Party after the war, did so for patriotic or opportunistic reasons. Those who joined up out of nationalist sympathies have been deceived, while most of the opportunists would leave Tito in the face of a stronger force.

III

Tito is one of the most fanatical Communist chiefs on earth, one of the bitterest enemies of the United States, as shown in his current press, and one

of the most ruthless oppressors of common men and women in the contemporary world. He has become not less ruthless, but more, since he first came to us for aid. Thus, by glorifying him and his works, we are putting ourselves in a dubious moral position.

The following brief sketch of life in Yugoslavia is based on an intensive study of Tito's newspapers, his speeches, official reports of trials, letters from Yugoslavia, and information provided by persons just out of the country. Most items in the picture are from recent issues of *Borba*, *Politika*, *Glas*, *Rad*, *Pionirski Novine*, *Mladi Borats*, *Viesnik*, and other Yugoslav journals.

Tito boasts, for instance, that he is imposing Communism faster than any other régime on earth and promises even to step up the present tempo. He recently said in a speech to a group of coal miners, "We have destroyed the capitalist system, exterminated the bourgeoisie, taken away its factories, seized its basis of existence . . ."

He is trying to impose his dominion over the minds and bodies of all Yugoslavs. He controls both press and radio and uses them as channels for propaganda. No public word against Tito can be uttered with impunity anywhere in the country. The principal newspapers throughout the country are replicas of one another, and largely resemble Stalin's *Pravda*.

For Tito, "culture" or "education" means Communist indoctrination. And he makes no bones about it. His press boasts daily that he is "educating the people" by "elevating their political level." He calls this political elevation "a mass effort." The people are to be taken to Communist movies and Communist lectures collectively, that is, in droves, his press reports.

This indoctrination begins with children and extends through all ages up to the adult "literacy classes" for grandparents. Tito's papers show children being turned into Communists, dancing "Tito dances" before campfires, chanting "Tito-Party-Central Committee!" and swearing oaths to serve Tito. *Politika*, of October 1, 1949, describes a meeting at which Tito addressed a gathering of "pioneers," i.e., child Communists, who had gathered from all parts of the country. Most of *Politika's* space is given over to the dreary harangue which Tito had prepared for the occasion, but there is also an illuminating account of the songs which the children addressed to their leader. One of them contained these sentiments:

O Thou Central Committee,
We reject all the calumnies,
All the calumnies and all the lies,
For our Party they mean nothing!
The Fifth Congress chose for leaders

Comrades Tito and Djilas,
Rankovich and also Kardelj,
They're the ones we comrades want!

Comrade Tito, bravo, bravo,
All your acts are always right!

Likewise, women are lured or forced into Communist organizations directed by the Anti-Fascist Women's League; no other woman's organization is allowed to carry on public activity, although women may still belong to church organizations of a strictly religious nature. A recent issue of *Borba* said that 70 per cent of the people doing "voluntary" reforestation were women and that 1,336,489 women had participated, during a six-month period, in work brigades. Tito himself is particularly concerned that special treatment be given to "mothers" — an old totalitarian stand-by.

His hostile attitude toward religion and the Church has not changed, though his tactics have reached a second stage, as such tactics do in all Communist-governed lands. At first, Tito tried to eliminate the independent clergy; then, when he had spread a reign of terror through the Church, he endeavored to lure timid or venal members of the clergy into his camp. In Slovenia alone, 62 priests were killed or condemned to death. About ninety priests, monks and nuns were sent to prison and an equal number to forced labor detachments, while

265 priests and monks, and 26 nuns, were forced to leave the country.

Tito took away most of the Church's property. Sisters of Charity were expelled from hospitals, orphanages, and homes for the sick and aged. Catholic schools and colleges were broken up, Catholic organizations forbidden, Catholic papers suppressed and libraries closed. Catholic printing plants were taken over by the State and used for the Communist press. Some chapels and churches were turned into music halls.

In describing the second phase of his anti-religious drive, Tito reported that 60 per cent of the Serbian Orthodox priests had joined the pro-Communist priests' union and pledged themselves to work with Tito's régime in his mass organizations. Meanwhile, two small groups of Catholic priests have met with Tito and "expressed their willingness to work for the People's government."

As one passes from the realm of mind enslavement to that of physical toil, Tito's régime seems to become an almost exact reproduction of Stalin's. Peasant collectivization is being imposed with record speed. In this realm Beirut, Gottwald, Rákosi and Ana Pauker cannot be compared with Tito. This is not a fact which one discovers by immense research; Tito boasts of it. It is one of his chief sources of pride. He continually holds

meetings all over the country to report on the speed with which he is depriving peasants of their land and putting them into collectives. When Stalin accuses him of not soaking the "rich peasants" hard enough, he answers that he is soaking them harder and faster than any other Communist régime.

For example, as reported in Tito's main dailies during September, the Minister of Agriculture, Rista An-tunovich, said the "Socialist agricultural sector" embraced 18.59 per cent of all cultivated land, and in some areas it covered 44.4 per cent. Throughout the country, approximately a fifth of the land is collectivized, and in at least two of the six Federal Republics the proportion reaches almost half. That "progress" was made in three years. During 1948, the "collectivized sector" increased by 194 per cent, and in eight months of 1949 by another 280 per cent. Figured in another manner, the Minister said, "the socialist sector had increased by 754.81 per cent in 1949."

A seventh of all Yugoslavia's wheat comes from the "socialist sector," the Minister said; so do a fifth of its industrial crops (e.g., cotton and vegetable oil), an eighth of its fruit, nearly a fourth of its medicinal herbs.

As for soaking the kulaks or "richer peasants," Tito proudly announced in *Borba* on September 17 that he

takes up to 95 per cent of their harvests from them. And who is the kulak whom Tito is soaking? Tito himself explained in a speech at Skopljë, on August 6, 1949:

It would be wrong to believe that the conception of kulak is to be applied to everybody who has 25 or 40 acres of land. No, Comrades, the conception of kulak is identical with the conception of the enemy . . . who is against socialism. If somebody is against socialism, he is an enemy and there is no difference between him and the kulak, even if he has no land whatsoever. If he is against socialism, he is an enemy, who must and will be annihilated.

IV

Let us pass from the peasants to the workers, on whose support Tito is supposed to base his régime. The main features of the labor picture in Yugoslavia, as portrayed in Tito's own newspapers, are as follows:

All workers must belong to the Labor Federation or the Central Union of Syndicates under Labor Chief Djuro Salaj. If a Yugoslav is expelled from the syndicate, he loses his right to work, and with it his right to a dwelling, to food and to clothes. He is considered an idler and may be sent to a work camp.

The main activity of unions, as described by Tito, is not to protect or help workers, but to force them to

produce more. One of the techniques employed is the speed-up, or "socialist competition," or *oudarnistvo* (shock work). Tito's whole publicity apparatus is devoted principally to promoting the speed-up. His press, radio and public entertainments constantly devote as much attention to this as the American press did to baseball during the recent World Series. Tito has thrust Yugoslavia into a permanent World Series in order to induce every worker or team to out-produce every other. "Hurry, hurry, hurry" is the supreme imperative in Tito's labor system, as he himself proudly proclaims.

Pay is, of course, according to piece work. The young and skillful get a lot; the old and dull, who are more apt to have large families, get little. Obligatory "voluntary" labor is practiced on an enormous scale, as described in each number of *Borba* and every other paper, especially *Glas*. Practically every able-bodied person in Yugoslavia except urban industrial laborers is obliged to dig ditches, cut wood, carry cement, or lay rails, two or three months a year. Mothers and fathers, sons and daughters, mix cement side by side, for Tito. For those who fail to do their share, as for the political dissidents, there are always the forced labor camps.

Every person over six years old is subjected to the constant pressures

of "mass organizations," intimidation, discrimination, and the necessity to "work harder or starve." But has Tito raised the living standard of Yugoslavia? It may be too early to say definitely. Certainly, as of November 1949, the Yugoslav people, including children, were hungrier, more ragged, less healthy, less adequately housed, than they have been for decades. They never before received so little for working so much. Tito himself publicly said, last July 12, "I admit there is a lack of necessities . . . we haven't enough to satisfy everyday needs." He was referring to a shortage of salt, matches, buttons, thread, needles, clothes, shoes, oil, meat, milk — for peasants, workers, and what is left of the bourgeoisie. Tito's own press has not presumed to tell the people they are living much better — the papers merely say there is more sugar and meat, a little more bread, 5 per cent more shoes — for the favored few.

What to do with Tito? The United States government should continue to use him, as deserters from enemy armies are always used in war, as the Persians used Ephialtes at Thermopylae — until the drive of world Communism has somehow been pushed back. When that task is over, the Yugoslavs, from mine, factory, field and orchard, will decide what to do with their most ruthless oppressor.

DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN MEETS THE PRESS

Compulsory health insurance is one of the most controversial issues in current American political life. The Truman administration is definitely committed to it, while the powerful American Medical Association is making heroic efforts to keep it from becoming law. Until a few weeks ago, Dr. Morris Fishbein was the spokesman for the Association, and his views still pretty much reflect those of a large segment of the doctors of the country. At a recent broadcast of Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System in cooperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, he spoke clearly and forcefully about "socialized medicine," answering many questions troubling the minds of the American people. The broadcast is here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Dr. Fishbein, were May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press-Herald*, Nate Hazeltine of the *Washington Post*, I. F. Stone of the *Daily Compass*, and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*. Martha Rountree, producer of *Meet the Press*, presided.

SPIVAK: Dr. Fishbein, can you tell us why, at the height of your career, after 37 successful years, you retired from the editorship of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*?

FISHBEIN: Apparently, it was the decision of the Trustees, who have complete authority, that those who favor nationalization of medicine had made me a target for all of their attacks on medicine.

SPIVAK: Did the AMA think it would help its cause by an act which has been described, even by your opponents, as "rank ingratitude for outstanding service," "a blow to the prestige of organized medicine," and "downright unintelligent and even stupid"? Those were the comments in June when you were asked to retire. How do you feel about this whole business?

FISHBEIN: As to my own point of view, it has always been that an editor of any publication must have complete freedom of expression, and that he must conduct a vigorous campaign at all times against those things in which he does not believe. Since it was impossible to conduct a periodical of which I could be proud, it was mutually agreed that I retire.

SPIVAK: Dr. Fishbein, when, in June, they asked you not to speak on any controversial subjects, and practically muzzled you, why did you continue? Why didn't you retire immediately, as so many of your friends felt you ought to?

FISHBEIN: I think it is no secret that, having great pride in the accomplishment of having created a medical journal that is of acknowledged world leadership, as well as nine specialized journals, and having conducted a considerable number of other successful efforts, I thought it was quite desirable that young men be given at least some training to fill these various positions. Five men have been chosen for those positions. It was my hope, and still is my hope, that the American Medical Association will go on to greater and greater success.

STONE: Dr. Fishbein, let's get nice and rough. In view of his advocacy of compulsory health insurance, do you regard Mr. Harry Truman as a card-carrying Communist, or just a deluded fellow-traveler?

FISHBEIN: I have never said of Mr. Truman any of the things which you accuse me of having said. Now, Mr. Truman is also entitled to his opinions — any President is entitled to his opinions — and if they happen to differ from mine, that

doesn't create any particular hostility — I just think that he's mistaken and he thinks I'm mistaken.

STONE: I was just joking. But in the past you have expressed the view that compulsory health insurance is socialistic and Communistic.

FISHBEIN: I am positive that compulsory health insurance is socialistic.

CRAIG: Do you think giving adequate medical care to all the people is socialistic?

FISHBEIN: I think it's good social medicine, and of course, it is my belief that Americans in general get better medical care than any people anywhere else in the world.

CRAIG: It could be better. May I ask if you know that Mr. Ewing, the Federal Security Administrator, says half our population — 70 million people — get only about \$3000 or less a year, and do not have adequate medical care?

FISHBEIN: Well, until recently Mr. Ewing was never considered an authority in this field, and most of the statistics he cites are so completely off from what any scientist or physician would accept as competent biometrics, that the less said about them the better.

CRAIG: Do you deny this one figure of his — that half of our people do not get adequate medical care?

FISHBEIN: I think the figure is ut-

terly preposterous. I think that the vast majority of Americans have access to reasonably broad medical care. Now, I do not say that everybody gets the best of medical care, but I know of nowhere in the world where everybody gets the best of medical care.

STONE: But, Dr. Fishbein, didn't your own *AMA Journal* say in 1939 that families receiving less than \$3000 a year could not cover their medical costs without outside aid?

FISHBEIN: The figures are not just what you said. I'll send you a pamphlet . . .

STONE: No, no, tell the audience.

FISHBEIN: . . . on that subject — you can read up on it.

STONE: Tell the audience how I was wrong, then.

FISHBEIN: You were wrong. It can be shown that far more than 70 million people in the United States get a high quality of medical care.

STONE: Did I misquote your figures or not?

FISHBEIN: You mean did I say —

STONE: Didn't the *AMA Journal* in 1939 say that American families making less than \$3000 a year could not cover their medical costs without outside aid? Did it or didn't it?

FISHBEIN: Not that statement, no.

STONE: Well, what statement did it make?

FISHBEIN: The statement was made

that a family with an income of \$3000 per year would have to budget carefully in order to be sure that they got sufficient medical care in time of need. Now, the American Medical Association has never been a static organization. At one time, it opposed all forms of hospital insurance. But just as soon as the states had passed laws which guaranteed that dependability, then we supported hospital insurance.

HAZELTINE: Dr. Fishbein, you said that you thought the vast majority of Americans had access to good medical care. What do you mean by access? Money to pay for it?

FISHBEIN: Not necessarily money to pay for it. I suppose in Chicago we have eight thousand free hospital beds, where anyone who is in need can go and get complete medical service of a high order.

HAZELTINE: Do Americans want to go to free beds?

FISHBEIN: Well, Americans apparently want everything free that they can get, just like people anywhere else in the world.

STONE: Would you like to depend on free medical aid?

ROUNTREE: Just a moment — one at a time here, please. Mr. Spivak.

SPIVAK: Dr. Fishbein, I'd like to get down to the nub of this question. As I understand it, your objection

to national health insurance is, first that it's compulsory, second that it's socialistic — whatever that may mean — and third that it brings bad medicine. Is that essentially true?

FISHBEIN: I would say that those three points are essentially true.

SPIVAK: All right. Now, on the compulsory end of it — is the AMA against compulsion for compulsion's sake?

FISHBEIN: I think they believe that those nations which hope to be democratic must place as much responsibility on the individual citizen for the conduct of the intimate affairs of his life as can be placed upon him.

SPIVAK: But how can they object to compulsion when they themselves, in their session, voted a \$25 compulsory tax on their membership, and threatened to throw out any doctor who didn't pay it?

FISHBEIN: Of course, your use of the word "tax" is wholly without warrant. The courts of the United States, clear up to the Supreme Court, have ruled that dues in a voluntary membership organization are not a tax and are not compulsory. You don't have to join the American Medical Association.

SPIVAK: They say something about "a rose by any other name" — it's a tax, isn't it, Dr. Fishbein, to fight

what they call socialized medicine?

FISHBEIN: I would not call it a tax, because no one has to pay it unless he wants to remain a member in the organization.

SPIVAK: If he doesn't remain a member of the organization, isn't he punished pretty severely in his community?

FISHBEIN: Well, if the people of the United States, who are a democracy, punish a man because he doesn't belong to the Odd Fellows or the Masons or the Klan, that is up to the people of the community, it isn't up to the man.

ROUNTREE: Are you accepted in a first-class hospital if you don't belong to the American Medical Association?

FISHBEIN: That again is left entirely to the hospitals. The hospital rules — and this was sustained by the Supreme Court in the State of Maryland in a decision last year — say that every hospital has a right to determine through its own Board of Directors who will or will not be admitted to work in the hospital, and to establish the criteria under which they will be admitted.

CRAIG: Isn't it true that organized medicine has been against practically all the medical aid proposed? You were against workman's compensation, you were against Fed-

eral grants-in-aid, you were against a public health board. You used to be against voluntary group health insurance, although now you're advocating that, aren't you?

FISHBEIN: A doctor who is trained as a scientist is accustomed to seeing competent evidence that a procedure will be for the benefit of the patient and not to harm him before agreeing that the procedure is sound. That he does in his practice. In the same way, social measures of any kind which are proposed on a theoretical basis are examined carefully and studied as to whether or not they can achieve their objectives before they are approved. Now, obviously, as evolution goes on and techniques improve and safeguards are developed and new types of control are developed in the community, the point of view changes. What was not acceptable becomes acceptable.

CRAIG: You mean you always lag behind and you have to be forced into any kind of progress.

FISHBEIN: Well, I point out frequently that the Congress of the United States is ten years behind medical science in all of its actions, and that has to do with safeguarding the public against bad insulin, and many things such as that.

CRAIG: But, Doctor, what good does it do for medicine to go ahead if the

majority of the people can't get the benefit of it?

FISHBEIN: By far the vast majority of our people get the benefits of modern medicine.

STONE: Dr. Fishbein, a hundred years ago people like you fought against free public education with exactly the same arguments, and it took them just as long to wake up as it's taking you to wake up.

FISHBEIN: Well, Mr. Stone, it just happens that you have a reputation for saying the kind of things you're saying, and I have a reputation for saying the kind of things I'm saying. And this being a democracy, we both go right along and hold our points of view. Now, I have a right to say that your point of view is emotional and mine is scientific.

HAZELTINE: Dr. Fishbein, do you believe that the American Medical Association is sincere in its present expressed desire to further the voluntary prepaid health plan?

FISHBEIN: I am positive that they are sincere. They have spent well over \$500,000 of their own money promoting the volunteer plan, so they certainly must be sincere.

HAZELTINE: In what period of time, Doctor?

FISHBEIN: In a period of, roughly, six years.

HAZELTINE: And how long ago was it first proposed?

FISHBEIN: The voluntary hospitalization procedure—the Blue Cross procedure—was first proposed about twenty years ago. It has grown now to about 62 million people who carry voluntary hospital insurance. And I will assure you that if the American Medical Association and the doctors of this country had not supported it, it would never have reached 62 million. Now at this very moment, Blue Cross does not in any single place cover the complete cost of hospitalization, and it isn't perfect yet. I think new techniques have to be constantly developed.

HAZELTINE: Do you think it can be developed to the point where it will cover full cost?

FISHBEIN: I am working myself on two commissions that are especially concerned with trying to see whether we cannot reorganize hospital organization, construction and service, to make it much more likely that costs can be fully covered.

HAZELTINE: Do you think it can ever be done, Doctor?

FISHBEIN: I think it should be achieved within ten years, possibly.

SPIVAK: Doctor, isn't the major question really whether we're going to get, under the proposed system of national health insurance, better or worse medicine?

FISHBEIN: I think that is what concerns all of us. And I can tell you this—that if I personally were convinced that a nationalized medicine system would give more people a high quality of medical service, I would be arguing just as much for it as I am now arguing against it.

SPIVAK: Well, Doctor, isn't it true that in the Army you had complete socialization of medicine and yet you had a pretty high order of medical—

FISHBEIN: I answered that one time for Senator Pepper, so it's very easy to answer it again.

SPIVAK: Don't give me the same answer, though.

FISHBEIN: Oh, it served with him. Now, the answer is simply this—that in the Army the doctor had absolute control over his patients. If you are willing that the doctors of this country shall tell everybody in the country exactly what they shall do when they're sick, and that they shall do that and nothing else—give the doctors the kind of almost totalitarian control over people that they had in the Army in times of sickness—why then, of course, you abolish freedom entirely.

CRAIG: Doctor, it's very difficult to sympathize with people unless you've experienced their troubles.

Now, may I ask, please, if you were ever so poor that you couldn't afford adequate medical treatment yourself or for your family?

FISHBEIN: Well, I remember when my father was a relatively poor man and my mother had eight children. But my father always managed to get for her the best obstetrician in Indianapolis.

CRAIG: I'm asking about yourself.

FISHBEIN: Well, I was born under those circumstances.

STONE: But you never had the experience of being really poor.

FISHBEIN: I have never been destitute, Mr. Stone, but I will tell you this . . .

STONE: I didn't say "destitute."

FISHBEIN: . . . I will tell you this — that there isn't a poor person today in the city of Chicago or New York, or any of our large cities, who, if he uses reasonable intelligence, cannot get immediate access to good medical care.

STONE: Let me just ask you one very simple question. Now, Americans are a very individualistic people, and yet it's quite obvious that all these different plans that you once fought — voluntary health insurance, group medicine, and the President's program — are very popular. Now, why do you think the people — so many people — are so dissatisfied with the ordinary

methods of buying medical care?

FISHBEIN: Do you think the President's program is still popular?

STONE: Yes, I do.

FISHBEIN: I happen to think it isn't.

STONE: But answer my question, though. Why do you think so many people are dissatisfied?

FISHBEIN: Well, I've heard of such a thing as propaganda. I have heard of people being worked on to cause certain beliefs to change. I told you that the American Medical Association and the doctors of this country constantly change their opinions and under new circumstances develop new points of view.

STONE: But you still haven't answered the question.

FISHBEIN: Well, I've answered it as nearly as I can.

ROUNTREE: Before we end this program, Dr. Fishbein, there's one question I think a lot of Americans would like to hear answered. How long do you think it will be before medicine in this country finds the answer to cancer?

FISHBEIN: Well, that is a very good question, and I believe that we are gaining constantly on cancer. I think we can predict that the next score of years — twenty years, about — will see cancer largely under control.

ROUNTREE: Thank you so much, Dr. Fishbein — our time is up.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That tuberculous patients should be overfed

The rationale for overfeeding the tuberculous seems to have been the old error of attacking a symptom. Since those with tuberculosis usually lose weight it was felt that it would be a good thing for them to get a great deal of extra weight. The practice now is to recover the lost weight but to eat no more than is necessary for normal health. For the tuberculous, as for anyone else, extra weight is a handicap.

That scientists are mighty hard-headed fellows

Science is merely common sense, honestly codified. And scientists are merely men and like all other men emotional and confused much of the time. To their credit and our advantage they have tried a little harder than most men not to be fools but they haven't always been successful.

Wallace, who had the honor of sharing with Darwin the first statement of the theory of evolution, believed in spiritualism. Sir Isaac Newton wrote Biblical prophecies as well as the *Principia*. Sir Oliver Lodge was a great physicist and a great dupe. It is possible, in our own time, for a Nobel prize-winner in physics to teach a Sunday School class and for a curator of a great scientific museum to believe that fish fall from the sky. Under the solemn name of "Parapsychology" a great university countenances clairvoyance and records its own findings in its own journal with great satisfaction.

That jungles are "snake-infested"

One reason why the Japanese advance on Singapore was regarded with equanimity was the belief that they would suffer decimation in the "snake-infested" jungles. Malaria, it

was felt, would get most of them. The jungles were "impenetrable" anyway. And even if one or two particularly lithe or skinny soldiers managed to squirm a little way in, the snakes would bite them.

Unfortunately for us at the time, snakes don't live in jungles in any great profusion. Very few animals, as a matter of fact, live in jungles or forests; they live on the edges. Dr. E. D. Merrill, writing in *Science* and quoting in his support Dr. Frans Verdoorn and Colonel Arthur S. Fisher, says that in no part of the Old World tropics with which he is familiar "are poisonous snakes either common or numerous." "There is infinitely less chance of being bitten by a poisonous snake in tropical forests and jungles," he believes, "than in any part of the United States."

He adds that all this stuff about "terrible poisonous plants" in the jungle is hokum too.

That no one knows which came first, the chicken or the egg

It is curious that with the spread of zoology this question continues to be asked as the type of the absurdly insoluble. For it is obvious that the egg came first, long before there were any chickens whatever.

A more searching question, if one must crawl into metaphysics through

the hen-coop, is Samuel Butler's: "Is an egg a hen's way of producing a hen, or is a hen an egg's way of producing an egg?" It is a more philosophical, *i.e.*, a sillier, question. But before the questioner perceives its folly he will have traveled further and seen more.

That it is impossible for mere chance to have produced the remarkable adaptations seen in almost every form of life

This argument, one of the favorites of the teleologists, carried more weight a generation ago than it does today. The science of genetics has accumulated a vast body of information in the past twenty years which shows more and more plainly that chance *could* have produced the forms that we now have. It is now known that there are infinitely more mutations than was formerly guessed at for natural selection to work upon and that "normal" individuals carry many of these mutations as recessives.

Furthermore, natural selection is not blind chance; it is directed chance. Selection isn't just eeny, meeny, miney, mo. It is controlled by the environment in which bad choices are eliminated by their unsuitability and good choices encouraged. And we have learned that there was a great deal more time in which to accom-

plish these changes than our fathers guessed at.

It is, indeed, in the highest degree improbable that if millions of marbles, let us say, are thrown at random onto a sheet of metal containing a hole through which only two or three of them can pass, the particular two or three will happen to hit the hole. But if the sheet of metal is twisted into a funnel with the hole at the bottom and the marbles thrown into the funnel are agitated over long periods of time, the probability of the marbles that will fit the hole eventually falling through it are increased almost to a certainty.

The extraordinary changes man has been able to produce in a comparatively brief time merely by using the "chance" variations thrown up by mutation is testimony to what can be done. And many of these human productions, as Julian Huxley has pointed out, "involve co-adaptations of parts (e.g., in the entire build of greyhounds for speed) just as complex as many of those which the finalists consider impossible of production through natural selection."

"As a result," Huxley concludes, "we can today assert without fear of contradiction, that the argument from improbability has lost whatever validity it once possessed. Indeed . . . the fact that an adaptation is 'incredibly' complex can now be taken, not as pre-

sumptive evidence *against* the power of natural selection, but as presumptive evidence *for* its existence and amazing efficacy."

That stars may be seen by daylight from the bottom of a deep well or by looking up a high chimney

An article on this myth appeared in the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association* in 1916.

The author, the Reverend W. F. A. Ellison, points out that the stars to be seen would of necessity have to pass through the zenith of the particular shaft or chimney used and that very few stars of even the second magnitude, and none of the first, would do so. But even if they did, the *intensified* glare at the aperture of such a shaft would successfully conceal them, since the ordinary glare suffices to conceal them under normal conditions.

It is true that some stars can be seen through a telescope during the daytime but that which makes this so is a function of the lenses, not of the tube.

That only man is vile

It has long been a commonplace of moralists that man's capacity for reason makes it possible for him to "sink below" the animals in moral degrada-

tion. Since animals are incapable of profanity or perjury, ignore Sunday, pay no attention to their parents, and seem to have no compunctions about stealing and killing, the moralists are usually driven to instance prostitution as the supreme example of man's peculiar vileness.

But Yerkes says there is prostitution among the primates, that it is, in fact, "a natural development among such highly adaptive and intelligent animals." The female chimpanzee, for example, seems quite aware of her power over the male when she is in her period of sexual attractiveness, and may "cajole, distract and offer various forms of sexual allure to obtain her objectives," exchanging "sexual accommodation for food" or whatever else it is she wants and the males have.

*That a nosebleed can be stopped
by pressing the upper lip*

There is a widespread idea that pressure on the upper lip checks the blood supply to the nose, but the arteries which supply the nose are elsewhere and so completely unaffected by any such pressure.

Most nosebleeds stop of their own accord in a few minutes, so that almost any procedure would seem to be effective and hence would serve as its own proof and refute skepticism.

*That to the pure all things are
pure*

Some of the more godly of Linnaeus' countrymen sought to have his system of botany suppressed at the time of its publication because they feared that its recognition of the sex of plants would excite the young.

*That Esau sold his birthright for
a mess of pottage*

A number of minor misapprehensions about the Bible may be traced to the Bible itself. Thus while the book of Jonah says that it was "a great fish" that had been prepared for the prophet's occupancy, Christ (*Matthew* xii, 40) said it was a whale.

Hebrews (xii, 16) says that Esau "for one morsel of meat sold his birthright," but in *Genesis* (xxv, 28-34) it merely says that he sold it and that Jacob gave him "bread and pottage of lentils."

The phrase is used today of one who sacrifices some valuable right or privilege for wealth or luxury — and often very little of it. But this interpretation cannot fairly be applied to Esau; he was dying, he agreed, of necessity, and reacted bitterly to Jacob's demand, despising him for his meanness.

Curiously enough, Jaweh upheld the contract, though no modern court would ever do so.

PARIS IS WONDERFUL

A STORY

BY ROI OTTLEY

SHORTY GEORGE, black and anonymous, circled the Café de la Paix very slowly, entered hesitantly, and carefully seated himself on the awning-shaded terrace. He felt a sudden excited lifting of the heart at the astonishing beauty of Paris. He had seen all: graceful Eiffel Tower, the delicately-poised bridges spanning the Seine, the railed-in enchantment of Luxembourg Gardens, the solitary majesty of the Arc de Triomphe. The glow of the autumn sunset had cast a shower of golden dust upon the city. The grass of Tuileries gardens was vividly emerald. Notre Dame's spires and pinnacles and tall towers were clear-cut against the deepening sky . . .

He unconsciously sighed the sigh of little people. The fact is, he gave the impression of being a very little man, though he was but slightly under average height. His hands were black and small, with pink palms; his body was thin and concaved about the stomach; his voice

was quietly high-pitched; his manner apologetic, even perhaps obsequious. His dark clothes were neat and close-fitting; a white handkerchief which gave off an aroma of cheap perfume formed the only light accent. When he smiled, which was rarely, you caught a glimpse of small, gleaming white teeth, which somehow gave his face a bewildered, haunted look.

He unfolded a newspaper clipping and toyed with it idly. His thoughts ever since he arrived in Paris had been glued to his expected meeting with Monk Jordan and the wonderful city where his friend lived. Three years had passed since he had seen his bud-bud. He thought what changes the few years had brought. The friend whom he had known under shabby and precarious circumstances had become a celebrity. Jordan was eating high on the hog now. Shorty could tell that by his jaunty manner, his tuxedo of expensive cut, the konk-smoothness of his hair, and his over-all air of well-being. Yes, he was

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good people and deserved to ride the gravy train.

He folded the clipping, which told him all this, and carefully returned it to his wallet. He thought of life back in Harlem which, as happened lately when he had thoughts of home, provided a melancholy contrast to things at hand. He felt how hopeless it was to struggle, this being the wisdom which generations of his race had bequeathed him. The legend, "Man born of a dark woman, is bound to see dark days," always haunted him and indeed stifled his ambition. He sighed audibly. He remembered his bachelor days and the many evenings, as he sat in the little room off the hall, practicing the saxophone. He had played a few gigs. But before he married he had pawned the instrument and never told his wife about his ambition to be a jazz musician. Now he was a misfit — a Negro who could neither sing, dance nor toot a horn. . . .

Somewhere in the distance, a bell tolled away the day. He rose slowly, a black nondescript figure, and walked down Rue Scribe. Dusk had thrown a warm blanket over the city. People were suddenly hurrying places. He picked his way deftly through the crowds, careful not to jostle any white folks. He passed under the shadows of that wonderful pile of gingerbread, L'Opéra. No memory

of its past touched him, but he was dazzled by the building's air of triumph. Taxis drew up before its doors, and expensively-dressed women, escorted by well-upholstered men, alighted. He gave them a lingering appraisal. The women seemed bright, charming and vivacious as they conspicuously mounted the sweeping stairway.

He had always passed white women without turning his head to look. It was his habit to walk quietly by them even in the day. Whenever he found himself in white neighborhoods at night, he hurried apprehensively, fearful that some frightened woman might cause him trouble. Tonight, he courted the causes of his fears. He boldly appraised each face. He had never been in Paris before, but he knew it as a symbol of liberalism toward races and colors, and this emboldened him. He noticed that when he quickened his pace, and suddenly came abreast of a woman, no fear crept into the corners of her eyes. His anonymity was complete: he was neither pocketbook snatcher nor rapist!

How Grandma Bess would have loved this place. He thought about her, a weary domestic forty years in the service of a white family, who had astonished her mistress as well as her family. One evening she had solemnly said to her employer, "Miss

Elinor, I haven't been sending all my money to my folks. I've been putting some aside. And now I want to see the world. I want to travel."

"Why Bess, you're even afraid to go to Harlem alone, how can *you* travel?"

"Oh," Bess had exclaimed. "I have enough to take you too. I can't go without you, Miss Elinor."

"And where do you want to go?"

"Paris," she had said firmly. "I hear in Paris they treat colored people like they treat white people, and before I die I want to go to a place where colored people are just the same as other people."

But Grandma Bess had died before she could realize her dream. Shorty sighed, braced himself, and crossed Boulevard de la Trinité, and headed towards Rue Pigalle. For the first time in his life, he felt himself the equal of white people. For the first time, his soul revolted against being a Negro. There was no doubt about it, if you wanted to succeed you had to come abroad. You could do nothing back home. One had to strike out for himself, anywhere. . . .

II

Monk Jordan a big shot in Paris! No one would have given a nickel for his chances. Yet, now that he reflected on the past, Shorty could remember signs of future greatness even back in

Brunswick, Georgia, where they had spent their childhood. True, people used to say that Monk Jordan was a blow-top; and of course, he did mix with a loud crew, drink King Kong freely, and borrow money from everybody. He had finally got mixed up in a cutting affray, caused by a shady money transaction involving a white man — at least, that was one version of the story behind his quick flight to Harlem. But nobody denied him talent. There was a certain something about Monk Jordan which took in everyone — even when he was on his uppers he kept up a jaunty front. Shorty remembered one of Monk's sayings when he was in a tight squeeze. "Don't crowd me, boys," he used to say lightheartedly, "I'm beatin' my way out of the tall grass with a short stick."

Shorty George entered the crooked, hilly Rue Pigalle. He walked boldly forward, though the silence which enveloped his footsteps troubled him: any shadow might be a grizzled gangster. He had hardly walked two blocks, when suddenly he heard a familiar song. It came to him indistinctly at first. But as he walked he picked up the strains of a saxophone spelling out a melody. The musician-ship was distinctly in the American style — "groovy," thought Shorty. When he got within a few feet of the building from which the music came,

he recognized a resurrected recording of Coleman Hawkins playing *Body and Soul*. Shorty had an awfully good feeling, a nostalgic feeling — and tears came to his eyes. He wondered, sadly, why he had pawned his saxophone. Perhaps Monk Jordan might be able to get him a job with a band. He played with the infant hope and stepped onward bravely.

Every step brought him nearer to the Moulin Rouge in Place Pigalle, where Monk Jordan was the star attraction. Shorty trembled excitedly. After all, he was not too old — 35. He had demonstrated responsibility. But there were so many feelings and impressions that he wished to express, and music was the only vehicle. He felt this desire surge within him. He tried to figure out whether he had the artist's soul. Maybe. Sadness was the dominant fact of his personality, he knew, but a sadness underscored by faith. Perhaps he could give it expression through blues. He would never be great — he saw that clearly. But he could put his melancholy feelings into tones that would make people listen and feel. He began to hum — oddly, it came out as a spiritual: "And He never said a mumblin' word . . ."

The neon glitter of the Moulin Rouge held Shorty at the doorway for a few moments. He looked about him cautiously. The old hesitancy, a

habit caused by many rebuffs, overwhelmed him. What if Monk Jordan were not here, if he should be asked to leave? The bar seemed to be filled with white people, and he felt they were observing him curiously. He quickly glanced to right and left. When he saw that nobody turned to look at him forbiddingly, he bolted in — and there, to be sure, was Monk Jordan hunched over the bar with his back to the door. He was engaged in earnest conversation with a platinum blond girl, whose long dress crinkled noisily when she moved. Jordan turned to toss down a drink and spied Shorty.

"Well, I'll be — if it ain't ole Shorty George! Whatcha say, man? Give me some skin." They shook hands warmly. "Meet Mademoiselle Luiset," he said turning to the handsome girl. She smiled brightly as he hugged her affectionately. "Renée, Shorty's my very old friend from back home. What'll you have, ole man? I'm drinking cognac. Taste like corn but goes down smooth as silk. Soda? Water? Right. Soda spoils the flavor . . . Say, garçon," Monk shouted, glibly sliding into French, "bring us double cognacs and bring them to the table inside." He led Shorty through a swinging door and into the cabaret proper, while the girl disappeared behind the wings of an improvised stage.

III

"Say, fellow, how'd you ever find me?" Monk asked.

Shorty explained the newspaper reports back in Harlem, which had given big play to his Paris triumph. He reached into a pocket, took out his wallet, brought out a clipping, and handed it to Monk.

"Boy, do they think I'm going places," exulted Monk, as he read the fulsome report. "Shorty, how'm I doing?"

Shorty reappraised his friend. Monk Jordan was always considered handsome. He was known back home as tall, tan and terrific. The girls often called him "Mister Jesus." His face was heavy, dark brown and clean-shaven. His black eyes with heavy lashes added immeasurably to his good looks. His mouth was wide, his lips heavy, a trifle sensual perhaps. His hair was closely cropped and of patent-leather slickness. He lifted himself to his full six-footed height, when he observed the admiration in Shorty's eyes, and slapped his flat stomach. He was inordinately proud of his body.

"Man's got to keep his figure," he said, winking roguishly.

The waiter appeared with their drinks. Shorty allowed his to be very much diluted.

"That's no way to drink this stuff,"

protested Jordan. "S'pose to drink it straight."

"I don't drink very much," said Shorty modestly. "Take one or two with the boys. That's about all."

"Well," said Monk cheerfully, "here's to a boon coon."

They clinked glasses to this toast and drank.

"What happened to the old gang?" Monk asked. "Steeplehead. What's he doing?"

"Nothing," said Shorty. "He's still hustling and getting nowhere fast."

"How about Eggy. Did he ever finish dental school?"

"Yeah, but the juice caught up with him. I saw him one night before I left draped over a bar pulling corks instead of teeth."

Monk laughed. "Shorty," he said, "I see you haven't changed much. You're the same guy who used to lecture me about women and whiskey. You got to get your gauge up and have some sport, for once anyway. Where have you been since you got to Paris?"

"Oh, I've seen the sights," Shorty said defensively.

Monk laughed loudly and slapped his thighs. "The sights!" he said, "Man, have you been to the joints and seen the women? I know some terrific places . . ."

"Are they really what the boys say?" asked Shorty tentatively.

He sipped his cognac while Monk gulped his.

"The joints sizzle," Monk said. "But Paris ain't just joints. It's the way these people treat you. There's really no place like this town. It's the McCoy. Man don't know he's colored 'til he looks in the mirror."

Shorty George finished his drink, and, after some earnest surveying, succeeded in catching the waiter's eye.

"I've seen London and Rome," Monk continued when the waiter had removed their glasses, "and I've been to all the places worth seeing. But give me Paris, old man. Terrific stuff. Maybe a little too hot for a square like you, Shorty."

Two glasses were placed before them. Shorty lifted his and returned his friend's toast. But he was beginning to feel somewhat disillusioned. Monk's French accent and loud boasting upset him. There was something vulgar in his friend which he had not observed before. Maybe it was the result of living in Paris amid the liberties and licenses unknown to Negroes in the states. The old charm was still there under his new gaudy manner. After all, Monk had lived, known many women, and had seen the corners and crevices of the Continent. Shorty looked at his friend enviously.

"Everything in Paris is right," said

Monk. "They believe in live and let live. And they've got a real feeling for Negroes. Man, when they heard I was from Harlem they was ready to eat me up, s'help me."

Shorty took two sips from his glass and licked his lips. "Tell me," he said, "is it true what they say about the girls? . . ."

"There's no woman like the Parisienne," Monk declared firmly. "What they put down, make a man blow his top."

"Then they're really not nice girls," said Shorty, with some insistence. "I mean, compared with our girls back in Harlem."

"Harlem!" Jordan half shouted. "Shorty, will you remember you're in Paris. . . . Say, fellow, what you doing with that cognac, nursing it? Drink up, man."

"No, I really shouldn't . . ."

"You only live once. What harm can it do you? Let's have another round. Encore?"

"Well, all right."

Monk Jordan produced two cigars. He pushed one into Shorty's hand. The two friends lit them and puffed in silence until their drinks were served.

IV

"I'll tell you," said Monk, emerging from a cloud of smoke, "the real thing about Paris is the feeling a colored

man gets of being free, I mean really free."

He drew thoughtfully at his cigar, and in a calm, almost professorial, tone, proceeded to sketch the feeling of being a really free person. The Negro finds himself without a racial enemy. Timidly he watches, fearing, almost hoping, for some sign of racial discrimination — something that will make him feel at home — but as the days go by he meets, so far as his color is concerned, such respect, such courtesy, such appreciation as he would not receive from Negroes in America. He begins to realize that he may go anywhere he wishes. Months pass and the days are like Paradise. Nights he awakes with a start, dreaming he is back in the United States. Mornings he realizes there are no more bars to beat against.

Shorty was frankly astonished. "When you put it that way," he said, "I can't blame you for wanting to stay over here. Harlem would seem pretty quiet. . . . But, after all, Harlem is home. You can't help having a certain feeling for old friends and things you grew up with. That's human nature."

"If I had to go back," Monk said heatedly, "I'd feel like a runaway convict going back to jail, see."

Shorty was disturbed by his friend's passion.

"But tell me something about yourself," said Monk, resuming his cheerful air. "You know, I don't hear much about what's going on back home. Married yet?"

Shorty smiled uneasily. "Yeah," he said. "I was married about three years ago."

"Well, congratulations, you old bastard."

He extended his hand, which Shorty took. "Any youngsters?"

Shorty felt uncomfortable again. "We have one."

Monk slapped his friend on the back. "Good work, old man," he said. "And how about your job, any good?"

"Make a living. I'm a ship's steward. We docked at Le Havre two days ago. That's how I got to Paris."

"Good boy," shouted Monk. "And you came to see your old friend, eh?"

Shorty smiled, looked confusedly at his glass, and bit his lower lip with two white front teeth.

"How about your sax?" asked Monk. "Play any more?"

"Family man now," said Shorty. "Don't get much time to gig with the boys."

"I'm sorry, fellow. I thought you had plenty. Tenor sax, wasn't it?"

Shorty ordered the drinks. He felt hot about the collar. Small

beads of perspiration wet his forehead. Three double cognacs had gone to his head and Monk's strong cigars had confused his mind; normally he was an abstinent person. The adventure of meeting Monk, of finding himself in Montmartre surrounded by beautiful women, lights and noise and bustle, of listening to Monk's tales and of sharing even briefly Monk's triumphant life, upset him. He felt acutely the contrast between his own shabby life and his friend's, and it seemed to him unfair. Monk was his inferior in education. He was sure that he would have been a bigger success, if he ever tried. What had stood in his way? Marriage. Caution. Fear of rejection by white people. He wished to vindicate himself, to assert his manhood. He felt Monk was patronizing him by his extravagant friendliness. But when the waiter brought their drinks, he pushed one glass toward his friend and swooped up the other boldly.

"How about you," Shorty asked cautiously. "Married yet?"

"No. But all I've got to do is say the word."

"Miss Luiset?"

"Yeah," said Monk. "Real nice people, Renée. But I'm in no hurry. You see, I got to figure things out. It ain't right to tie up with one woman. Not yet, anyway."

The orchestra suddenly drowned

their conversation with a loud sustained chord. Renée Luiset was enveloped in a blue spotlight. The two friends fell silent under the spell of her throaty voice. She smiled and tilted her head charmingly in acknowledgement of Monk's broad smile. Shorty thought of what Monk had said about Parisian girls. Those soft eyes, he thought, how full they are of passion. "Make a man blow his top!" He suddenly was filled with longing. He hated his friend for tantalizing him into this unchaste feeling. Monk was mad, he thought, to talk so casually of this beautiful girl. He sneaked an envious glance at his friend, who accepted this white girl's attentions with the condescension of a monarch.

v

Shorty thought coldly of his prim wife. Her face was pretty but mean. Her unshakable composure irritated him. Why was she unable to give herself up in wild abandon? He thought of their first night of marriage, as they lay in the small, cluttered room off the hall. A little China lamp with a pink shade stood upon a table beside the bed, and its light fell upon a scene which had haunted him these three years: his wife had fallen upon her knees and loudly prayed to God to bless the holy bonds of matrimony, and asked

forgiveness for the sexual act she was about to perform. How he had suffered that night, waiting through an hour-long supplication, trying to appear at ease, and finally striving to hide his embarrassment when she rose, turned out the light, and clumsily climbed into bed. . . .

Resentment engulfed him. He felt like a prisoner. Would he ever escape? Was it too late to live bravely, like Monk? How could he escape? There were still the instalments to be paid on the furniture. He thought of his unheated railroad flat, with dank rat-infested toilet, footworn nondescript linoleum, the dirty walls ripped and unpainted, roaches crawling about the floor and woodwork. From the dark unlit hallway, he could always smell the musty odors mingling with the smell of cooking. In a crazy montage, he saw flashes of the pattern of his Harlem life: fish-and-chips, cut-rate drugs, second-hand laundry, dispossess papers, the three gold balls of the pawnshop. Shorty recoiled from his visions.

When he returned to his surroundings, Monk Jordan was poised before the orchestra, blowing one of the sweetest hot trumpets he had ever heard. There was something eerie about the atmosphere, though. Monk's stance was firmly set. But flickering lights silhouetted his figure and trum-

pet, elongating them into lively patterns against the walls. Everyone listened in rapt silence, hungry for this sort of thing. The place was charged with emotion. Monk's eyes were closed tightly. The six-piece band beat a torrid tempo, providing a subtle obbligate which sneaked under the trumpet's brilliantly clear notes. There was imagery in his phrasings, each one broad and fanciful, ending in a rush of purple wash. Shorty was transported to a smoke-filled basement dive in Harlem. He saw a honky-tonk blue with smoke. The place was packed-jammed, loud, sweaty, greasy and gay, with lithe gin-bearing waiters needling through the dark crowds.

From somewhere suddenly Monk's trumpet hit a high, piercing, hysterical blue note . . . Tears started down his cheeks. The man is homesick, thought Shorty. He could feel it. His heart went out to his lonely friend with a brass horn to his lips, alone in Paris, away from his native neighborhoods. . . .

The music broke abruptly, snarling. Monk Jordan wilted — he slung his trumpet under his arm and walked through the door and out into the night . . .

Shorty George felt his cheeks hot with sweat — and tears of understanding started to his eyes.

WHEN SEX FLOURISHED IN ONEIDA

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THE thing that drove the sect called Perfectionists from their first colony in Vermont, and hounded them later at Oneida Community in New York State, was one of the tenets laid down by their founder and prophet, John Humphrey Noyes. "In a holy community," said he, "there is no more reason why sexual intercourse should be restrained by law, than why eating and drinking should be—and there is as little occasion for shame in the one case as in the other."

That was strong meat, in nineteenth-century United States, and though the strange group led by Prophet Noyes was to make a huge success of its steel game-traps, and an even greater success later of its Community Plate, yet its unorthodox ideas, as well as the actual practice of Complex Marriage—which most Americans designated as Free Love—had at last to be abandoned.

John Noyes was born a Vermonter in 1811. He graduated from Dartmouth at the age of nineteen with

highest honors, and began the study of law. Then he entered Yale Divinity school. But the dogmas of conventional theology were not for him. He came to believe that a state of perfection, or sinlessness, could be achieved here on earth. To prove his theory, he returned to Vermont and there, with a few like-minded souls, founded the Putney Corporation of Perfectionists, and a periodical. The colony grew slowly. Early in 1843 it consisted of 28 adults and nine children; but it was filled with a smoldering fire that was soon to break out into open conflagration.

Prophet Noyes had already imparted to his devoted followers what he called his "greatest discovery" and which he named Male Continence. (Physicians were to term it *coitus reservatus*.) Now he announced his system of Complex Marriage. In effect, Complex Marriage stated that all members of the group loved one another equally well; that the curse of legal or regular marriage was in its stressing of exclusiveness, of "fidel-

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ity"; that this curse could be done away with, in a group like the Putney Associates, by cohabiting with whom one pleased. Yet Noyes expressly forbade that children should be conceived of any such union. The group accepted both Male Continence and Complex Marriage, and began their practice.

Putney, Vt., was a very small village in 1843, just as it is today. Unorthodoxy in any field could not be kept a secret. So it was with the peculiar domestic arrangements of the Corporation of Perfectionists; they were soon the talk of the village. But things went along smoothly for some four years. Then, the town fathers were told by some busybody or other that three sweet young girls, described as innocent flowers of the rural countryside, had joined the group and had met the fate popularly supposed to be Worse Than Death. In short, they had been seduced. The state's attorney took action, when on June 10, 1847, he laid the matter before the grand jury which indicted Noyes on a charge of adultery; and two others on a charge of lewd cohabitation. Noyes was arrested, then released on \$2000 bond.

Larkin Mead, able attorney for the Perfectionists, advised that all of them leave Putney and, preferably, Vermont as well. Feeling was such, he said, that violence might break

out. The three members under indictment left at once. The others announced that they, too, would depart as soon as they could dispose of their property.

Prophet Noyes had no idea of abandoning either his followers or his ideas. On Oneida creek, in the tall-timbered country of the old Oneida Indian Reservation, Madison County, N. Y., he found Jonathan Burt, who had been converted to the principles of Noyes' Perfectionism by the group's periodical. Burt was no half-disciple; he invited the Prophet and all his followers to settle on his land. Noyes liked the idea. He sent out the call. The response was quick and heartening. The scattered flock began arriving at Oneida by ones, by twos, and threes, until, as spring broke over the land in 1848, some fifty or more had come. They were not loafers. With a will and energy equal to that of the Mormons, they turned the backwoods of the old reservation into a beehive. A sawmill went up and started producing lumber for homes. Stumps were pulled. Crops went in. A Perfectionist school was opened in a cabin. All was bustle: these were young people, in their twenties and thirties, and they were fired by the great spirit and personality of their leader. Among them were carpenters, a blacksmith, a pail-maker, a maker of lead-pipe, shoe-

makers, millwrights, a printer. The women were trained in all domestic pursuits; now they started weaving, spinning, and the making of straw hats and baskets for sale to outsiders.

Everything progressed well. Soon it was time to build what Noyes called the Mansion House. So one night, using the North Star as a guide, he staked out the ground, 188 by 70 feet. It was to be three stories high, with a garret, and was to contain a communal dining hall, parlors, a school-room, and a printing office. The third storey was to be made into sleeping rooms for married couples and for single females. Unmarried men and boys were to have the garret as a dormitory. The whole great structure was to be heated by steam—a radical departure in up-state New York a century ago.

The Mansion House was built, and into it, on Christmas Day of 1848, moved the Perfectionists, making something of an occasion of the event. Little wonder they were proud; they had accomplished wonders. And the next two decades were to be an era of unparalleled success for them.

Next was built the Children's House, which Prophet Noyes said was the only rational way to bring equality and also to prevent the "idolatrous love of mother and child." All the community children were moved into this one big house.

Parents might visit them every day, but the youngsters' rearing and schooling were wholly in charge of members appointed for those purposes.

Now came a reform of women's dresses. Members Mary Craig and Harriet Skinner provided the new design; the skirt was cut to knee-length; tailored pantallettes reached down to the ankle. The hair of all Oneida females was clipped short. Pierrepont Noyes, one of the Prophet's sons, still living in 1949, recalls that the community also had several suits of "going away clothes," which the women donned on trips outside the community.

New members were coming in, and many prospective members were refused. At the end of the second year at Oneida the total membership was 205. More land was bought and cleared. Orchards were planted. The Community fields burgeoned with wheat, oats, flax and barley. Silk worms were being cultivated. New buildings were constantly being erected. At least once a week the Prophet lectured in the Mansion House.

II

The Prophet's lectures at this period often had to do with Complex Marriage and the supplementary problem of Male Continence. The latter, Noyes instructed his group,

was to be introduced "under skilled guidance." Young men were taught its mysteries by the older women; young girls by the older men. As for Complex Marriage itself, the community was pledged to protect itself from social approaches that might be deemed unattractive. No woman could be approached in this matter save through a third party. Exclusive bonds between two members were forbidden. The cohabitation of adult members was a matter of simple agreement between the parties concerned; it was no business of the community. But — and this was of the greatest importance — the conception of children was very much the business of the community. It was not to be undertaken without permission of the committee of elders. Said Noyes: "We are against the oppressive procreation which is unavoidable in the orthodox marriage system. We are in favor of intelligent, well-ordered propagation. The race cannot be raised from ruin till propagation is made a matter of science." In brief, in Oneida Community members might cohabit with whom they would; they were not to conceive children without specific permission of the elders.

The science of producing better offspring Noyes named "Stirpiculture." This was really "eugenics," long before that word had been

devised. A total of 58 children were to be born of this plan during the life of the community. The record seems to indicate beyond any doubt that these children were what Noyes claimed they would be — far above average in health and intelligence.

Being a true prophet, Noyes was not only certain of the success of Oneida Community; he wanted the world to adopt his ideas. To this end he spent much time, and perhaps too much money, on a periodical, the *Oneida Circular*, which he sent everywhere the mails could go. He also published and circulated an immense number of copies of his lectures on Stirpiculture. All this cost so much money that the community was presently in difficulties. Though the members worked hard, and the group had a sizable income from the sale of products, it was not sufficient to support Noyes' publishing projects. It looked like bankruptcy ahead.

At this moment of great need, Noyes suddenly reflected on the art and craft of Sewell Newhouse, a convert from Vermont. As his contribution to the community welfare, old trapper Newhouse had been making some two thousand steel game-traps a year. These were sold for the benefit of the community. The fame of the traps had long since spread as far as the Rocky Mountains. No one man, nor a dozen men, working

by hand as Newhouse did, could begin to meet the demand that came to Oneida by mail and messenger. The secret appeared to be in the extremely fine temper of the springs and jaws of the Newhouse product.

Now, in time of need, Noyes suggested to Newhouse that the community install machinery and make the traps by the tens of thousands. Newhouse agreed, on condition that there be no lowering of the quality of the product. Members went to work erecting a large brick factory. Noyes and Newhouse worked out power methods for manufacture. A virtual assembly line was inaugurated. The project was an immediate success, and it continued to be so well into the next century. Men in coonskin caps and buckskin shirts swore by the Newhouse-Oneida brand; orders came in a continuous stream. And one day there came to the factory an agent for the great Hudson's Bay Company, wanting to purchase the entire output. He didn't get it, but he left an order for 20,000 assorted mink and beaver traps. Within a few years, Oneida was making almost 300,000 traps annually; never again was the community short of cash.

Meanwhile, the community thrived within, and criticism of it from outside increased in almost direct proportion to its success. It was unorthodox, hence it must be cut down.

Whisperings about the scandalous sexual practices grew into magazine articles — and sermons. Oneida paid no heed. In 1870, a railroad entered the region, and a fine depot named Community was put up near the Mansion House. Now began a trek of curious visitors from all over. They came at first by the hundreds every Sunday, and at last by the thousand. They were taken in tow by courteous community guides, and shown everything. Noyes instructed the guides to reply in straightforward manner to all questions in regard to Complex Marriage. There was nothing to hide, he said.

By 1870, too, Oneida had a branch community at Wallingford, Conn., where the Prophet spent a part of his time. Between Wallingford and Oneida there was an interchange of such members as showed signs of "idolatrous attraction" for each other. The couples were split by sending one to the other community. At Wallingford the main industry was the plating of silverware. This was to become prominent later.

By 1870, perhaps, the Perfectionist experiment had reached the height of its success. The good times continued for another two or three years. No other group in America had been nearly so successful. True, its social theories had not spread; but both Oneida and Wallingford were wonder-

fully prosperous. Members were apparently content, as happy as it is given mortals to be. Now began the sustained attack that was to harass these people as nothing had before.

III

It was started in the columns of the *Independent*, a national weekly much read by the clergy of the day; and it was led by the Reverend John William Mears, professor of moral philosophy at Hamilton college, Clinton, N. Y. Possessed of a vigorous style, Mears denounced Oneida as a festering sore on the body social. He said little of the great industry and orderliness of the community, but a great deal about its alleged dreadful immorality. He said, too, that Americans had finally had enough of "the salacious Mormons" and had driven them out into the desert; but why, he wondered aloud, was this "much more corrupt concubinage" of Oneida permitted? Meetings were held all over the state. Resolutions against hideous Oneida were passed. From Chicago the *Tribune* sent a reporter with orders to seek out the scandalous practices of the community. *Harper's Weekly* sent another. The untrammelled *National Police Gazette* devoted pages to sensational sketches of what it said was going on. These, it appeared to the *Gazette*, were "obscene orgies." One of its imaginative pictures

showed a bewhiskered and lascivious looking male, nude from the waist up, standing in a pool and surrounded by nude and bewitching young females.

It seems doubtful, however, that the Reverend Professor Mears and his cohorts, together with the newspapers and magazines, could have put Oneida Community out of business had there not been troubles within. The community had been slowly splitting into factions. This was its downfall. Many of its young men had been sent away to college, and had returned skeptical of any such experiment as Oneida. The young women of Oneida felt strange when they went outside; felt that they were looked at as unfortunate orphans of doubtful parenthood. And Oneida youngsters told their parents that outside children referred to them as "bastards."

Prophet Noyes had been growing deaf. He lost the contact he had once enjoyed with each and every member of his flock. Both he and the elders were now on the defensive; the younger people "wanted to live like regular Americans." They no longer paid any heed to the Prophet's lectures on scientific propagation. Gradually, the dissenters became strong enough to threaten Noyes with arrest "on a statutory charge." This would make just the scandal needed to give joy and ammunition to enemies in

the outside world. Noyes chose to flee to Canada, where he took residence at Niagara Falls. From there he continued to direct affairs at Oneida by mail, for he had not been deposed.

On August 20, 1879, the acting heads at Oneida received a message from the prophet as to what should be done. The great bell in the Mansion House tower was rung, and all gathered to hear the message read. Noyes proposed abandonment of the troublesome Complex Marriage; and urged members to continue to hold the community property in common. Two years later, however, community property as such came to an end, and a stock company, Oneida Community, Limited, was organized, with the shares going to some one hundred adults and children of the group.

The steel-chain part of the trap business was moved to Niagara Falls, though the traps continued to be made at Oneida for many years more. And now the silverware business, at Wallingford, was moved to the Falls, and installed in new big buildings. Most of the Wallingford members moved, too, and a part of the Oneida group.

John Humphrey Noyes, the Prophet, died on April 13, 1886, aged 75. But the community business continued to flourish. Community Plate, as everyone ought to know, went on to be-

come one of the great industrial successes of the United States. No small part of its success has been credited to Pierrepont Noyes, a son of the prophet who, with a brother, built it into an immense business. Incidentally, Community Plate has been most progressive, both in technology and in its relations with its employees, a majority of whom for many years were descendants of original Oneida and Wallingford members.

Was Prophet Noyes a genius? Havelock Ellis and many another unconventional thinker have believed so. Ellis called Noyes "one of the noblest pioneers America ever produced." George Bernard Shaw was quoted as terming Noyes "an unquestioned genius of the first order."

As a native Vermonter, I have been proud to think that Noyes was born there. And I am sorry, and no little chagrined, that in the quiet and quaintly handsome village of Putney, there is as yet no monument, nor a marker of any kind, to its most eminent citizen, John Humphrey Noyes. He certainly had more influence on the United States than did Mr. Coolidge, of nearby Plymouth, where many a sign calls attention to almost everything possible, in relation to the twenty-ninth President.

Genius, as somebody once said, is seldom popular.

MUSIC

by JIM CORK



IN DEFENSE OF MODERN MUSIC

ON MAY 29, 1912, in the Theatre des Champs Élysées, Paris, there took place the first performance of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre Du Printemps* as music for a ballet, with the cast headed by the famous Nijinsky. From the reports of various eye-witnesses (Carl van Vechten and Nijinsky's future wife, among others) we can piece together some of the bizarre happenings that transpired on that historic occasion: "A certain part of the audience . . . considered [it] to be a blasphemous attempt to destroy music as an art, and, swept away with wrath, began, very soon after the rise of the curtain, to make cat-calls and to offer audible suggestions as to how the performance should proceed. The orchestra played un-

heard, except occasionally . . . people whistled, insulted the performers and the composer, shouted, laughed . . . the lights were turned on . . . the fights and controversy did not remain in the domain of sound, but actually culminated in bodily conflict. One beautifully dressed lady in an orchestra box stood up and slapped the face of a young man who was hissing in the next box. Her escort arose, and cards were exchanged between the men. A duel followed the next day."¹

At almost the same time, on March 31 of the same year to be exact, scenes reflecting similar volatile reactions to new music were enacted at a concert conducted by Arnold Schoenberg in Vienna devoted to the works of Gustav Mahler, Schoenberg, and two of the latter's most famous pupils, Anton von Webern and Alban Berg:

¹ Stravinsky, *His Life and Work*, by Eric Walter White.

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"People . . . sought to disturb the performance by shouts and hisses. When it came to the songs by Berg . . . the noise was so great that one could scarcely hear anything at all . . . the performance ended in a wild struggle in which blows were exchanged. It found its echo in the law courts."²

Modern music has undoubtedly come a long way since those early days of trial and tribulation. The younger composers who today write in the idioms established by the more famous of the modern masters do not have to face such indignities at the first performance of their works. But, although modern music has now won its way into the programs of the leading orchestras of the country, it has not yet won the conscious interest of the majority of music lovers. The staid, familiar classics still hold the center of our concert stages, and the great majority of our concertgoers are still pretty much satisfied with the music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Look at recent best-seller listings by the three major record companies — Victor, Columbia and Decca — for the last two years. At the top of these lists we find such old warhorses as Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* and *Piano Concerto No. 1*, Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* and *Fifth Symphony*, Rimsky-Korsakoff's

Scheherezade, Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto*, Offenbach's *Gaîté Parisienne*, Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* and the Strauss *Waltzes*.

The living composers relatively most appreciated by contemporary audiences are those who, like Richard Strauss and Jean Sibelius, have departed least from the traditional idioms of nineteenth century romanticism. But the more radical composers of the twentieth century still command the active allegiance of an infinitesimal percentage of the general music public. Their music is undoubtedly held by the overwhelming majority of music lovers to be eccentric and incomprehensible. The narrowness of the base of active, loyal support for such music can be seen in the fact that among the great variety of musical magazines that flourish in the United States (testifying to a gratifyingly active, widespread and undoubtedly increasing interest in music generally), only one magazine, *Modern Music*, was devoted to the defense of the claims of the newest music. It was an excellent magazine, but recently was forced to suspend publication for lack of support.

The supporters of modern music have a pretty good case. Music, like any other vital art, must seek new ways of expression, or else go on endlessly repeating old styles. At that, the new harmonic and contrapuntal

² Arnold Schoenberg, by Egon Wellesz.

procedures developed by even the most radical innovators are less a break with, than an extension of, the existing materials at hand. It is undoubtedly difficult for the uninitiated or the newly-initiated to "get into" the new music at first. The first hearing of a new piece, say by Schoenberg, will undoubtedly sound strange and harsh. But it is unfair to the composer (and to the listener) to yield too readily to first impressions which, in the nature of things, are inclined to be negative, since we tend to shy away from the strange and the new. Concepts of beauty are conventions that change with time. Every original force in music has had to struggle against the inertia engendered by the subservience (often unconscious) to traditional norms. What is familiar, acceptable and most natural to us today in Beethoven, Wagner, and Debussy, was in its day revolutionary and scandalous to most of their contemporaries. But the revolutionary and seemingly harsh have become in time acceptable, and then even conventional, in whose image the next new music was rejected.

A minimum of historical perspective should enable us to take a more progressive attitude on this question. If we pretend to be open-minded and receptive, we owe it to ourselves (as to the composers) at least to suspend judgment on the new music until we

have heard enough of it. It would also help if we tried simultaneously to arrive at an intelligent understanding of the logical defense of modern music from the writings of its champions. Certainly, at the very least, serious music lovers should concede the critical inadequacy (especially when applied to new works) of the credo which limits itself to the mere subjectivism of "I know what I like," or "this leaves me cold," or "I can't follow it."

II

Modern music is in essence a many-sided revolt against the style and substance of nineteenth century romanticism. Romantic music, which reached its apex in Wagner, was dominantly, though not exclusively, a Central European (Austro-Germanic) movement. It was the culmination of the longest and perhaps most fruitful tradition in the whole history of Western music, a tradition that includes the names of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Weber, Brahms, and Wagner. Wagner, in a sense, summed up the movement — exploited to the full its vibrant emotionalism, exhausted its technical possibilities, and virtually left music in a *cul-de-sac* from which it had to find a way out. The various attempts made to "redirect" music from the impasse

into which Wagner seemingly led it constitute the story of modern music.

The earliest reaction to the middle European dominance of the musical scene was the nationalist revolt toward the end of the nineteenth century. This movement emphasized the inspirational potential of national folk-songs, folk-dances, and the like. Russia, Bohemia, Norway, Spain, and Hungary, produced composers like the Russian "Five," and Dvořák, Grieg, and Smetana, who won world attention. This "revolt" was the least enduring, and had the least fundamental effect upon the future course of music. In spite of the many charming works it has bequeathed to the musical literature of the world, it has remained essentially local in spirit and influence, completely contained within traditional musical styles, and therefore offering no new means or principles for the needed "redirection."

A more fundamental attack against romanticism was launched by Claude Debussy in a movement which came to be known as impressionism. As the name suggests, Debussy was influenced in his conception of musical style by the example of the French impressionist painters and the symbolist poets of the second half of the nineteenth century. Debussy disliked music of dramatic urgency (as in Beethoven), the erotic intensity of

Wagner, and the subjective exuberance of romanticism generally. His retort was a music of Gallic precision and clarity, of a shimmering delicacy that suggested and hinted rather than proclaimed urgently or stated baldly, a subtly-shaded creation that made one almost feel the intangibilities of sounds, scents and colors. But for all the undoubted fact that Debussy, a composer of genius, struck a unique and original note, his influence soon waned. A certain "softness," a lack of virility in his music brought forth a counter-reaction, which was furthered by the fact that his technical innovations soon exhausted themselves and permitted of no further vital development.

The reaction against Debussy was most pronounced in his own country. The younger French composers found impressionism too refined and amorphous for their tastes. Though the reactions set in at the turn of the century, they did not blossom fully until after the First World War. The social moods engendered by the war — uncertainty, restlessness, feverish excitement, distaste for bourgeois values — sought in the various arts their æsthetic release in moods of satire and irony, turbulence and stridency, and often in a willful obscurity. Theories and movements succeeded each other in bewildering rapidity — primitivism, futurism, da-

daism, and so forth. But underneath the feverish excitement and external froth of this bewildering array of movements was a genuine core of experimentation, a burning vitality that had its enduring salutary effects, that pushed back the horizon of the arts, and made its contributions of new combinations, structures, and logic. And so it was in music.

The movement in France was paced by a curious and interesting figure, Erik Satie. He was more important as a prophet pointing the future than as the creator of finished works, which he himself hinted at and worked out only partially. His intention to startle and shock was indicated in the flamboyantly surrealist titles he gave to some of his shorter experimental pieces: *Pieces in the Shape of a Pear*, *Dessicated Embryos*, *Veritable Flaccid Preludes for a Dog*. Decades before the techniques were more fully realized by the greater masters of the future, he toyed around with the germs of atonality (the absence of a definite tonal, or key, center), and polytonality (the vying with each other in the same piece of two different, clashing tonal key centers). He thus became a respected progenitor of the modern movement of neo-impressionism. His other passion besides satire was simplicity, as contrasted with the verbosity of romanticism. He thereby helped to point

the way also in the direction of another fundamental tendency in musical modernism — neo-classicism.

More important even than Satie in establishing neo-classicism as a going concern was the Italo-German, Ferruccio Busoni. He was a brilliant thinker, talker and writer. He used his genuine literary gifts arguing against the overlorded emotionalism of romanticism and for the clarity, purity and structural balance of eighteenth century classicism. He wanted to combine the classical concepts of structure and balance with the new musical elements produced by recent experimentation. Like Satie, he was more important as an ideological influence than as a composer of finished works.

Neo-impressionism and neo-classicism are the two chief modern tendencies. They command the active allegiance of most of the great names in modern music. They constitute almost a single movement, since their leading protagonists (Stravinsky, Hindemith, Prokofiev, Milhaud and the French "Six") have reverted from one style to the other and have often mixed both in the same composition. Its proponents have pushed forward the boundaries of musical creation enormously, extending the art of instrumentation and orchestral coloring to dazzling new heights, creating vastly more intricate and flexible

rhythmic patterns, throwing up new harmonic combinations which the traditional-minded ear must learn to take in its stride if it is to make its way at all in the new complex structure that is modern music. It is the great extension of the purely musical means of expression that constitutes the major achievement of this movement. In Stravinsky it has produced its authentic genius.

III

Another challenge to the emotionalism of romanticism and the "soft" contour of impressionism was offered in a movement known as "futurism," which sought to incorporate the sounds of our industrial civilization into the musical structure. This movement demanded music that would "express the musical soul of the masses, of the great industrial shipyards, of the railways, steamboats, battleships, automobiles and airplanes; to add to the great central idea of the musical poem the province of the machine, and the victorious empire of electricity." Honegger's *Pacific 231*, Mossoloff's *Iron Foundry*, George Antheil's *Ballet Mécanique*, are some of the modern works that have been produced under the inspiration of the futurist gospel. But the orchestral imitation of the sounds produced by the mechanical contrivances of our industrial civilization can only remain

a minor sideshow of an inherently all-encompassing art. The appeal of futurism soon petered out.

The feverish rhythms and the infectious syncopation of American jazz also had an impact on serious music. Most of the leading moderns went through their jazz period, as it were, in the twenties. Ravel, Milhaud, Hindemith, Stravinsky and Bartók, felt the fascination of its bizarre rhythms and its unusual combination of instruments. The last movement of Hindemith's suite, 1922, is entitled *Ragtime*. Anybody hearing it without knowing its composer would be hard put to it to distinguish it from the original article. Stravinsky in his *Histoire du Soldat* not only includes a ragtime and builds up his percussion along jazz-band lines, but his combination of instruments (clarinet, trumpet, trombone, piano and drums) is a typical jazz combination. Many other modern compositions, too numerous to mention, show the influence of jazz idioms. That influence has, by and large, worn off, the new developments in music having gone far beyond the essentially primitive musical attributes of jazz, though Stravinsky nostalgically returns to it now and then.

For three centuries, roughly from 1600 to 1900, all music was based upon a logic conditioned by the tonic-dominant relationship based upon the twelve major and minor keys. Romanticism

had already begun the dissolution of the major tenets of eighteenth century classicism. It broke the rigid control of the sonata form, loosened the bonds of classical formal structure, and made increasing use of modulation from one key center to another. Wagner's art, on the technical side, was a summation of these "destructive" tendencies *vis-à-vis* the logic of classicism. The fluidity of his extreme chromaticism, his continuous modulation, dissolved the sharp lineaments of the traditional key relationships. Modern music has inexorably pressed that dissolution further. It has denied that the logic at the basis of the old tonality reflected an eternal law of nature. A bit of historical reflection should convince us that it simply constituted one means of achieving a concrete type of musical form. Pre-Bach music was differently grounded, and so has modern music come to be. Modern composers have sought in their various ways to extend the bounds of musical logic beyond what was maintained by classicism and romanticism. In general, they have driven toward a musical art where each separate tone is as important as the next. At the same time, they have largely forsaken the homophonic-harmonic (single-voiced) technique in favor of the many-voiced polyphony of Bach and his predecessors.

Debussy's technical innovations

were chiefly two: (1) the whole-tone scale, consisting of six whole tones without the two half-steps from three to four and from seven to eight (in this he was partly influenced by Moussorgsky); and (2) the use of previously "forbidden" harmonic progressions. The use of the latter immeasurably extended the available coloristic effects, whereas the whole-tone scale, by removing the qualitatively important half-steps, destroyed the feeling of coming to the end of a piece that is inseparable from the dominant-tonic relationship, leaving things in a sort of unfinished, suspended, uncertain, mysterious state.

IV

A more fundamental, indeed the *most* fundamental and revolutionary, critique of classic harmonic principles has come from Arnold Schoenberg.³ Schoenberg has been the most abused and misunderstood of modern composers. His music is generally held to be dryly cerebral, mathematical and opposed to all emotionalism and romanticism, to be negative and destructive of all living connection with the past. Nothing could be further from the truth. His music has a most vital connection with the whole, rich Austro-Germanic tradition behind him, of

³Schoenberg's famous harmonic treatise, *Harmonielehre* (*Theory of Harmony*), completed in 1911, has only recently been translated into English in a sadly abbreviated edition.

which it is but a logical extension. Indeed, paradoxical as it may sound to those who are aware of his radical innovations in musical logic and composition, Schoenberg, in a quite definite sense, is the most traditional of all modern composers, since he has retained, more than any of them, the sense of structure, balance and form based upon motive and theme, as distinct from that formless impressionism characteristic of too much of modern music.

The basic sanity and "conserving" tendency in Schoenberg's attitude toward the history of his own art is quite apparent in the following statement of his:

There is no such distinction as old and modern music, but only good music and bad. All music, in so far as it is the product of a truly creative mind, is new. Bach is as new today as he ever was — a continual revelation. Truly good things are new. I warn you of the dangers lurking in the die-hard reaction against romanticism. The old romanticism is dead; long live the new! The composer of today without some trace of romanticism in his heart must be lacking in something fundamentally human. On the other hand, music essentially consists of ideas. Beethoven called himself a "brain proprietor." It is no use to rail at new music because it contains too many ideas. Music without ideas is unthinkable and people who are not willing to use their

brains to understand music which cannot be fully grasped at the first hearing are simply lazy-minded. Every true work of art to be grasped must be thought about.

This is as good an argument as possible for the necessity of a judgment-suspending open-mindedness on the part of serious and receptive music-lovers.

The famous twelve-tone technique associated with Schoenberg's name is simply a form of that organizing principle behind any musical work. The twelve tones used are the twelve separate tones of the chromatic scale (that is, all the white and black notes between C and C on the piano). All these twelve tones are arranged in an arbitrary order called the tone row. This order of the twelve tones is not changed throughout the piece. The tone row provides the basic theme for the entire composition. It is modified in three different ways: (1) retrograde form (*i.e.*, read backwards); (2) inverted form (*i.e.*, turned upside down); and (3) the inversion of the retrograde form (*i.e.*, turning the backwards form upside down). These three modifications, together with the original tone row, provide the four basic forms from which the entire structural order of the composition grows. In a strict atonal piece, each of these four forms may be transposed through all twelve keys, furnishing 48 modifications of the original tone row.

The result is not quite as cut and dried as it may sound from the verbal description. The various modifications provide the æsthetic variety necessary, while at the same time, structural unity is assured by the pervasive presence throughout of the basic twelve-tone row. Besides, two additional elements of variety — rhythm and chordal groupings — help to enliven the general effect. The over-all expressiveness of the composition depends upon the inherent musicality of the basic twelve-tone figure chosen and the skill with which counter voices are worked against it and the other three basic forms.

This brief survey, in its emphasis upon challenges and innovations, has omitted many names that ordinarily would belong in a survey of modern music. Among these are Rachmaninoff, who was a product of the Russian romantic school dominated by Tschai-kovsky; Richard Strauss, who for all his brilliant, technical realism, is completely contained within the post-Wagnerian romantic movement; Sibelius, who hasn't gone beyond classical-romantic principles in a single basic sense; and the modern Soviet composers, who are for the most part traditionalists and eclectics, kept that way by the pressure of an oppressive political régime. Mention should certainly be made of a truly independ-

ent, original and creative force, Béla Bartók, who made deep and extensive researches into the folk music of his native Hungary, the results of which were embodied in music of great vitality characterized by unusual harmonic texture, rhythmic flexibility, bite and verve.

The two dominant movements of our century are the neo-classicist-impressionists and the Schoenbergian twelve-toners. Which of these will dominate the music of the second half of our century? The former, at the moment, seems to have more genuine talents and most of the big names behind it. But it has codified no leading principles as a guide to the future. And what will happen when Stravinsky and others of its giants have gone? The twelve-toners are young, enthusiastic, aggressive and growing. The movement has gone beyond its old status of a mere Central European phenomenon. It has important supporters today in France, England, Italy, Holland and America, as well as elsewhere. Above all, it has a structure-ordering concept with which music must reckon. No living, vital art can develop without one. But whatever the outcome of this musical battle of the twentieth century, it is essential for music-lovers to become acquainted with music of both major schools, if they are to keep up with the times.

THE SAGA OF EDMONTON

BY RONALD SCHILLER

"THE quickest way to frighten anyone in Edmonton is to sneak up behind him and whisper 'Boom!'"

This remark — a favorite among Texas and Oklahoma oilmen — pretty well expresses the exasperation that visiting Americans, and many Canadians too, feel about the peculiar state of mind that exists in this northernmost city of Canada. An unbriefed visitor may wonder, at first, why Edmonton should exasperate anyone. It seems a pleasant enough place, spread thinly over the prairies on both sides of the winding Saskatchewan River in northern Alberta. It has some eccentricities, of course. Cinemas list their attractions as being "Family" or "Adult" types and no child may go alone to an "Adult" movie. The city's largest department store disapproves of smoking, won't sell cigarettes, and draws the shades on its show windows on Sunday so as not to distract strolling citizens from godly thoughts. A branch library, installed in a streetcar, goes clanging

around town. The Mounted Police have planes, cars, motorcycles and dog sleds, but no horses. Mixed drinking is not allowed in public; men and women each have their own beer parlors. Brewers may not advertise beer, so they keep their names before the public by featuring their soft drinks in huge neon signs, which makes it look as though the city were madly addicted to ginger ale. All in all, however, Edmonton creates the impression of being a quiet, conservative sort of place that likes to mind its own business.

But *that* is precisely what irritates Edmonton's critics. Because, they point out, Edmonton happens to be in the throes of a terrific boom.

In the three years since northern Alberta's first oil strike, at nearby Leduc, Edmonton has become the oil capital of Canada and one of the important petroleum centers of North America. Major oil fields now radiate in all directions from the city. Others may lie under the streets. The city council is considering a motion to

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drill a well on public land near the river. The country club also will drill, if it can brace itself against ruining its sixth hole. Petroleum reserves uncovered thus far total a billion barrels, and a new producing well kicks in every third day.

Sixty-four new businesses related to the petroleum industry have moved into town. Others await the building of additional offices and shops. A \$10 million U. S. refinery in the Yukon — war-surplus — was hauled piece by piece a thousand miles down the Alaska Highway and reassembled on the city's outskirts. Two more refineries are on the drawing boards. The flow of incoming oil workers from all over America has assumed gusher proportions. At the well sites, soft Texas talk mixes with the hard Alberta speech like oil with vinegar — with an occasional Slavic accent adding a dash of paprika.

Edmonton is, at present, the fastest growing city in Canada. Its population leaped from 91,000 in 1941 to 150,000 in 1949, and may reach a quarter of a million in the next decade. Despite a \$40 million building program last year alone, families live doubled and tripled up in apartments and houses. Hotel rooms and office space are so scarce that men with business in Edmonton frequently stay in Calgary, two hundred miles south, and commute to the city by

plane. City land values have doubled, and some surrounding farm lands sell — when they can be bought at all — for a hundred times what they did before the war.

II

Such a flourishing state of affairs might be expected to generate a modicum of enthusiasm, but — and this is what irks the outsider — Edmonton takes the whole thing with a maddening calm, almost verging on boredom.

The brokers' offices are *not* thronged with excited plungers. There is no noticeable increase of drinking or gambling. There are no fast women on the streets and no night clubs. GIs in town on a Sunday pass from the nearby U. S.-Canadian Air Force base have their choice of several churches and a free ball game — but no movies, beer parlors or newspapers.

There is no wild spending. Farmer John Rebus, who got \$200,000 in cash and an eighth royalty on the oil produced on his quarter-section, still plows his fields himself, and has not bothered to paint his house. His neighbor, Mike Pyrcz, who received \$50,000 outright and banks another \$150 every day, has splurged to the extent of buying a new tractor.

The city itself, which has reaped a bumper harvest in taxes and land sales, has yet to vote itself a new city

hall or a municipal auditorium. A few shiny new store-fronts are to be seen in the shopping district, but most of the new buildings seem to have been designed with an eye to preserving Edmonton's traditional atmosphere of rough-cut homeliness.

When they bother to talk about the thing at all, most Edmontonians fall into two schools of thought. There are those who say there is no boom, and there are others who will remark with a shy pride, "They say this is the dullest boom town on earth." There are a few mavericks, however, who will come right out and admit not only that Edmonton is having a boom, but that it has been the beneficiary of more fantastic and unrelated booms, in a shorter period of time, than any city in this generation.

"It all started with the Alaska Highway in 1942," says John "Mike" Michaels, a prosperous news distributor and probably the most widely known man in town. "Then came the Canol Project, the air boom, the uranium boom, and now the oil boom. And we never raised a dollar or a drop of sweat to bring in any of them!"

The fact is that geography makes Edmonton as susceptible to booms as other cities are susceptible to earthquakes or floods. Except for a little leakage through the Alaskan side-

ports of Anchorage and Skagway, all the trade and fabulous riches of the Yukon and the Northwest Territories must funnel through Edmonton. All the more remarkable, therefore, is her almost clinical immunity to anything approaching a boom psychology.

The oil strike, for instance, caused excitement all over the continent. In Washington, military strategists breathed a sigh of relief at being presented with a bountiful supply of petroleum so close to the bases of Alaska and the Arctic. In Ottawa, Dominion officials were happily predicting that it would change Canada's entire economy, making it a petroleum exporter instead of a heavy importer. The rest of Alberta gleefully watched the province's oil revenues increase to a fat \$12 million last year, foresaw lower taxes and vast appropriations for new roads, schools and public works. Edmonton, alone, remained unmoved.

Syndicates bent on exploiting her oil were formed in rival Calgary, in Montreal, New York, Tulsa and Honolulu, but not in Edmonton. Of the millions of dollars being spent on drilling and exploration in the Edmonton area, it is doubtful that more than one tenth of 1 per cent comes from the city itself. People in Edmonton were cold to the whole thing until Atlantic's No. 3 went on the

rampage for six months in 1948. Then they packed picnic lunches and went out to watch the miniature Vesuvius of oil, gas and mud erupting over a forty-acre field. It made for a nice afternoon.

III

This allergy to the boom mentality has a simple explanation, according to Edmonton's mayor, Harry Ainlay. "We were inoculated against it 38 years ago and I guess we've just never been able to catch the fever since."

The dose which Edmonton took shortly after 1905 was a dilly. That was the year the transcontinental railroad reached town. The prairies were filling with settlers, the North seemed ready to open up, and Edmonton decided it was about to become a great city.

Men went land-crazy. Property on Jasper Avenue, still a prairie, rose to \$2000 per front foot. People lined up in block-long queues to draw lottery tickets entitling them to buy lots at \$20,000 apiece, sight unseen. The lucky winners turned over immediate profits of 100 per cent. When the railroad station was opened, the contractors — working on a cost-plus basis — threw a champagne and chicken party for the whole city, gave a silver dollar to everyone who attended, as a souvenir. Buildings were going up so rapidly that rival

contractors met the incoming trains, hired carpenters and masons as they stepped down from the coaches. On the banks of the river rose the big Macdonald Hotel, a caravansary worthy of the metropolis of half a million that Edmonton was expected to become.

The boom collapsed in a wave of bankruptcy and bitterness that the city has never forgotten. Seventy-five thousand lots went back to the city for taxes. The population fell nearly 20 per cent in the single year 1915.

For thirty years Edmonton lay, not uncomfortably, in the doldrums. Large tracts of land near the business district were turned back to farming. The big hotel was ghost-ridden. Steel skeletons of unfinished buildings rusted in the sun until they were torn down as hazards to safety. Streets in the best residential districts lay unpaved, while an uninhabited four-lane concrete boulevard, three miles long, complete with sidewalks, never-used streetcar tracks and hydrants, went back to bush in what was to have been an even swankier residential area. Men found it a convenient place to teach their wives to drive. Post and Gatty used it as a runway in their epic flight around the world in the *Winnie Mae*.

Meanwhile, with the first thaws, famous bush pilots like "Wop"

May and Grant McConachie came in from "down North" carrying prospectors with their little bags of gold or heavy cases of ore, Catholic nuns and padres garbed in mukluks and mackinaws in place of their usual robes, trappers with their mink-clad squaws, and papooses wrapped in ermine. And, with frontier impartiality, Edmonton welcomed American tourists on their way to Jasper Park in the Rockies, immigrant Ukrainians, the Prince of Wales bound for his Alberta ranch, Chinese restaurateurs, sportsmen out for moose and bear, Mormon settlers, a colony of Negro farmers from the Deep South, and Arab refugees who scarcely paused on their way from the hot sands to the Arctic snows to trade with the Eskimos.

The city lived contentedly, if not richly, on the business from surrounding farms, which have never known a crop failure. Timber, coal, fish and furs formed profitable sidelines. Several times a year, buyers from New York and other Eastern cities swarmed into Edmonton — as they still do — for the great fur auctions. About \$5 million worth of pelts pass through Edmonton every year.

One thing Edmonton never did again, however, was to go overboard on anything. When oil was discovered in the Turner Valley, in southwestern Alberta, in the twenties, Calgary went

wild with speculation. Edmonton kept its hands in its pockets. Gilbert LaBine flew in from Eldorado, a thousand miles north on Great Bear Lake, with rock that glowed in the dark, the richest radium strike in the world. Edmonton was only mildly interested. Large gold deposits were discovered at Yellowknife on Great Slave Lake. Edmonton provided the miners with supplies and a blessing, but did not rush north with them. The city thought it was forever done with get-rich-quick projects, until the war set off a chain reaction of them from which it will probably never recover.

IV

It was Japanese Premier Tojo who lowered the first boom on Edmonton's surprised head. Tojo had probably never heard of Edmonton when he ordered his troops into the Aleutians in 1942. But the U. S. Army had. They countered with "The Road," which in Edmonton and anywhere north of the fifty-fourth parallel, means, of course, the Alaska Highway and its southward extension, that fabulous ribbon of graded gravel that snakes its way over two thousand miles of mountain and tundra from Edmonton to Fairbanks, Alaska. Next came Canol — the operational name for the successfully-completed, but little-used, 577-mile pipeline

that ran from the Norman Wells oil field, below the Arctic Circle, to the seaports and airfields of the Yukon and Alaska.

The two projects, together with a string of air bases, all built by U. S. Army engineers and paid for by the United States, poured more than a quarter of a billion dollars in cash and material, and more than 200,000 American soldiers and civilians, through Edmonton in two frantic years.

The "American invasion" is remembered as the era when American money was the only plentiful commodity and Edmontonians greeted each other like members of a down-trodden minority. U. S. civilians "went native" in a big way, with beards, gaudy mackinaws, fur hats and moccasins, while the natives clung to conservative business suits and ties. Soldiers on their way back from a stretch in the bush paid \$35 a fifth for bootleg whiskey, handed \$20 bills as souvenirs to the first white girls they saw.

"They bought everything in sight," says "Uncle Ben" Leibovitz, who conducts a famous outfitting emporium for hunters, trappers and prospectors. "A gold pan costs five dollars, is impossible to pack, and is good for nothing on earth but to wash gold from rivers. There must be thousands of housewives in New York

and Chicago, right now, wondering what on earth to do with the gold pans their men brought home."

The air boom, which hit Edmonton because the city happens to lie directly on the Great Circle Route to Alaska, Siberia and the Orient, reached its peak during 24 hours in September 1943. On that day, 865 aircraft, most of them lend-lease planes for Russia, took off or landed at the civic airport to establish a world record for a single day's traffic. "One time we even had to keep Mr. Molotov circling for an hour before he could come in," grins airport manager Jimmy Bell.

Molotov, who arrived complete with his own food, typewriters and NKVD guards, didn't excite Edmonton much, but an occasional Russian aviatrix window-shopping on Jasper Avenue usually stopped traffic.

The air boom did not end with the war. Today the Edmonton airport handles more freight than any other airport in the world, with furs, fish, uranium and gold as its steady cargoes, and an occasional odd assignment like dropping ballot boxes by parachute to isolated precincts before an election. Last year the airport surpassed its 1943 world record by recording more than 100,000 takeoffs and landings.

Until the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima, Edmonton remained blissfully unaware that it was enjoying a uranium boom. Some people may

have idly wondered at the millions of dollars' worth of equipment and the thousands of men that passed through the city on their way to the Eldorado radium pits on Great Bear Lake. But even the miners had no idea what their work was for.

Edmonton still knows little about the uranium operation. The only facts made public are that Eldorado is the world's second largest source of the metal, that the Belgian Congo produces more but of a poorer quality, that the ore is concentrated and sacked at the plant, that part of it is flown out and the rest brought by barge and rail 1500 miles up the Mackenzie and Athabaska Rivers. It leaves Edmonton in sealed cars guarded as though the cargo were as valuable as — well, uranium. Production figures, techniques and the destination of the ore are all top secret.

v

In 1947, with Alberta's farm products selling at the highest prices in history, the uranium and air booms leveling off nicely, gold, fish, furs and lumber pouring through at a steady rate, traffic over the Alaska Highway increasing, and Edmonton's prosperity thus assured for years, the oil boom struck! The circumstances leading up to that strike should forever dispel any remaining doubt as to Edmon-

ton's special status as fortune's god-child.

For decades, geologists have known that there was oil in the Devonian limestone which underlies the Canadian prairies. The limestone extends, however, under an immense area of 891,000 square miles, reaching from the Arctic to the U. S. border, from the Rockies to the Great Lakes.

"For 25 years we looked for that oil," says Jim Rennie of Imperial Oil, a Standard Oil (N. J.) subsidiary. "In ten years we drilled 114 holes over an area larger than Texas, California and Oklahoma combined. All dry. Finally we hit it — but big! — on the hundred-and-fifteenth try. Where is it? At Leduc; twenty miles south of Edmonton. Next year, we find an even bigger field, and where is it? Redwater; 45 miles on the other side of Edmonton. Last year, five more fields blow in, and where are they? All within 35 miles of Edmonton!"

The oil boom, still in its infancy, could end the cycle of booms. But there are plenty of people who will bet you that it won't. There are mountains of copper, lead, manganese, steel and lumber in the North, awaiting only the money and the need to start them flowing south. When the runs start, as they eventually must, Edmonton will be standing at the payoff slot of the jackpot, collecting rich

tribute in return for her goods and services, as she has in the past.

More immediately, there is talk — entirely unconfirmed — of a multi-million-dollar program of Northern defenses to be built jointly by the United States and Canada with Edmonton as its command headquarters. It makes sense from a strategic point of view, but no one in authority will talk about it. "I assure you, sir," says a senior Canadian commander, "that this is not just another case of hush-hush. It is absolutely hush-hush-*hush!*"

With history, geography and even the rock beneath her feet ganging up against her, it is only a question of time before Edmonton is forced into acceptance of her destiny as a Northern metropolis. For the first time in four decades, voices are being raised to sell the city on its own future. The *Edmonton Bulletin*, under its fire-eating new publisher, Hal Straight, delivers blunt daily lectures to the city on developing a booster spirit.

But the same circumstances that

compel Edmonton to become big and rich also insist that she can never entirely lose her unique buckskin-and-snowshoe atmosphere. The city still sits on the edge of one of the world's great frontiers. Around the corner from exclusive women's specialty shops, the cavernous, cluttered emporium run by Uncle Ben Leibovitz will still provide bear traps, beaver bait and, sometimes, malemute dogs or mail-order wives. In dusty little shops on the side streets a fortune in prime mink and fox pelts will lie stacked like cordwood. Jewelers will still keep their scales handy to weigh in gold dust over the counter. The police will always stand ready to lock up drunken trappers, to keep them from squandering the proceeds of a whole year's catch in a week-long binge.

Edmonton will never call herself "The Oil City" or "The Uranium Capital," as she has a right to. Her favorite slogan has always been, and will doubtless continue to be: "A good place to raise a family."

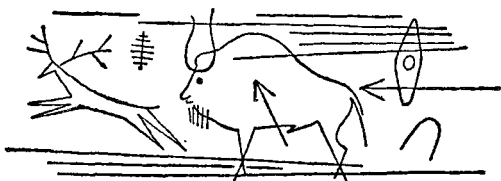
WINTER THOUGHT

BY LILLIAN EVERTS

We who have fashioned minarets of crystal
and flooded them with brilliance of the sky,
must hope to see reflected on their contours:
the last of the delusion passing by.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



WINGS OVER WINTER

WE HUMAN beings who live out our lives on this pellicle of dust are mostly but sluggishly amazable. For a very few of us it is perhaps enough to see the common small happenings of earth — the opening of a veined maple-leaf, the flight of a sparrow, the swaying of a water-reed in the brook — to feel the spell of entrancement immediately cast. But for the rousing of the others of us to the wonder of the world, it is necessary that our attention be nudged by marvels of the most obtrusive sort. Rainbows must span the sky, to make us aware of this stupendous vault. Comets must flash, and elephants trumpet, and the duck-billed platypus show itself in a wild commingled burst of the queerness of mammals and the queerness of birds. Nature has the power to spellbind us all; but it can be done to only an occasional singularly mindful one among us by just one flake of falling February

snow, and for the rest of us there is needed a whirling waterspout or an earthquake or the sledgehammer fact that it is 500 million light-years from here to the far nebulae.

When we have only (was it a Brontë phrase?) “a weak sense of amaze,” the earth must sometimes seem a dullish place in winter. In the riotous seasons of flowering and fecundity, so much is happening — and happening so loudly, colorfully, and spectacularly — that the stolidest spirit can scarcely fail to be touched at least a little by the splendor of the thing. There are flashing wings and piercing bird-songs, bursts of gaudy flower and outcries of animal uproar. The sky burns blue and the sun gleams gold. But now, in mid-winter, it is all faded and hushed and died away to silence and cold. All the warm livingness has gone out of the soil. It is like dead bone. Where there was breath, pulse, sap, now there is icy quiet. The sky stretches gray and

monotonous over the frozen February fields, and in the dim sun there is no warmth. True, it is still 500 million light-years from here to the farthest nebulae; but the world of more immediate marvels has become dreary and wanting in prodigies to jostle us to attention.

So it may seem, in February.

The fact, of course, is that the marvels are no fewer than ever they were. They are only quieter. They require only a little more alertness, and a little more reflectiveness, for their apprehension. Mid-winter has its stunning beauties, as any other season has. It is as rich in the strange, the startling and the wonderful. It is only that we must go out to it a little. It does not shout and pluck at us, like a June morning. It merely lies expanded and waits for us. It has its ample ways to reward with the gift of awakened wonder any of us who will respond to that cold, quiet invitation.

After all, it is in winter, now, that tens of billions of little particles of matter are in process of changing from the dry brown object called a seed into what will next spring be the living green thing called a flowering plant. No waterspout is any stranger than that, no rainbow more beautiful and terrible. In winter, now, the birds are not many; but the drabest little snowbird is as extraordinary as the flamingest scarlet tanager. A

feather is a feather, wherever it grows. The strongest known structure in nature, for its size and weight, its barbs may incredibly number, in February as well as in May, as many as a million. We have only to look a little closer at things, and think a little, and alert ourselves out of our dull drowse. The splendor still lies at the heart of events. We need only brush aside the snow a little, and there is the green moss. We need only have our facts about us, and in the grayest blizzard we can "see," with the eye of the mind, the mole still active as ever in his runways down underneath the frost-line and the woodchuck sleeping his fabulous sleep — his breathing slowed to no more than a dozen slow, sighing breaths an hour — in his grass-lined den deep under the snow-covered meadow. There are no bright wings of moths and butterflies to catch at our attention now in the white, cold world of February. No. But in cocoon and chrysalis, now, those wings are in the making. It is as lovely a wonder.

What were "worms" last fall — caterpillars — are now in the metamorphic sleep of pupation.

A "pupa," of course, means a girl. By extension from that meaning, it designates any kind of little childish figure, a doll, a puppet. Linnaeus gave the name to this instar of the insects' lives because most pupae have some-

thing of the look of feminine figurines. In their millions, now, they are to be found throughout the cold countryside, small, inconspicuous, and miraculous. There are innumerable kinds of them, for the life-histories of moths and butterflies are of many sorts. There are butterfly chrysalids, spangled as Egyptian sarcophagi, hanging by tiny hooks in sheltered crannies around houses and under the protective shaggy bark of trees. There are pupae (as of common sphinx-moths, for instance) lying quiet in small hollowed-out chambers under the frozen earth. Most easily to be found, there are the pupae that are encased in cocoons: silk-woven capsules attached to twigs, to the old siding of buildings, to tree-trunks. This little ovoid gray bump on a willow-twig . . . this is the cocoon containing a pupa of *Cecropia*, the great tawny moth that makes magical our summer gardens. This stubbier, fatter cocoon . . . this holds a pupa of the huge, yellow, eye-winged *Polyphemus*. Everywhere in the wintry woods and fields, the flowerless gardens, there are wings in the making.

II

As a caterpillar goes about its feeding, it periodically sheds its skin. It goes through these ecdyses — the periods between them being called stadia, and the insect's form in each stadium be-

ing called its instar — all through the span of its larval life. That larval life may not come to an end in autumn, but most commonly among our moths and butterflies it does. The waning of summer means the waning of caterpillarhood. With the coming of autumn the caterpillar grows lethargic, ceases its feeding, and creeps to the place of its pupation. Its life as a larva is about to close.

(There is a great deal more poetry in scientific terminology than some of us may suspect. *Larva* is the Latin for a mask. It was the charming and accurate fancy of old-time naturalists to think of a caterpillar as simply the masked presence of the winged beauty to come.)

In the last larval stadium, now, the caterpillar has been developing the first, faint secret hints of wings inside its worm-body. The pre-wings have been forming in sac-like formations within the body-wall. The larva is about to enter the prepupal instar.

If it is the larva of a butterfly, it may spin now a little silken disk from which, as pupa, it can suspend itself by means of the pupal hook called its cremaster. Or if the larva is that of, say, a great *Cecropia* moth or a *Promethea*, it sets to spinning around itself a tapering silken case of extraordinary construction. Spinning, spinning, it makes a case of great toughness and strength; but at the end of

the case it builds a kind of conical valve. When in the spring the adult moth will be ready for emergence, this valve-like construction — virtually impregnable from the outside — will open readily to inside pressure to set the big moth free. Or again, the larva may burrow in the soil and round out a little chamber in which to pupate; or, yet again, it may hang head downward and sling around its body a thin, tough, silken girdle — a kind of guy-wire or strut — which will keep it from being whipped and blown down by the winter wind when the oblivion of pupation shall have come.

In its cocoon now, or whichever other situation, the larva has become prepupal. The forming wings are thinly covered now only by the last layer of larval cuticle. The prepupal creature stirs and wriggles; the larval skin breaks and is sloughed off for the last time; and what lies ready for winter sleep is the pupa.

The pupa looks rather like a foetal mummy of the winged creature to be formed. Wings within the case are discernible, but tiny, crumpled, folded upon the breast like a baby Pharaoh's withered hands. In the crinkly brown outline of the pupa, legs are discernible; but they are packed into very small compass and glued to the body. The pupa lies in incompleteness and sleep, without ability to do more

than twitch and squirm a little — as an unborn baby will — upon the application of pressure. Such is the kind of creature now hanging by thousands in cocoon-cases in the frozen countryside.

We say that the pupa sleeps, and so it does; but its body is a tumult of physiological activity. Actually, as the grand old entomologist, Dr. John Henry Comstock, used to insist, the pupal stadium is the most furiously active period of the creature's whole postembryonic existence. Nothing happening now, out in the frozen February woods? No wonderful events, to keep a man from boredom? It is not quite so. The pupae are developing; and if that is not quite so *noticeable* a wonder, for most of us, as the blossom-burst and bird-song of summertime, it is no less a one.

The February winds whistle; the March winds roar; the April "robin snows" come drifting down. And then, in cocoon-case and chrysalis and underground chamber, there is a stir and we are let know what has been happening. We are let see what prodigious chemistries have been occurring. The instar of last autumn was a crawling worm. The pupa-case splits and opens now; the valve-door of the cocoon is pushed apart, or perhaps a hole is worked in the tough silken case by the file-like tool with which some pupae are equipped; and now there

creeps unsteadily into the pale spring sunshine the final insect that scientific language terms imaginal.

(More poetry of earth. The larva was the mask, the obscuration of things to come and not yet seen. And now there is the final perfect moth or butterfly, so vivid in identity, so perfect in revelation, that it is, as we may say, the very image of itself.)

The long body is heavy, pendulous, carrying its biological memory of the worm-body of the caterpillar. The wings are crumpled and damp, the antennae limp and not yet tuned to test the texture of the world. The insect's blood and vital fluids are mostly

in its thorax and abdomen. It stirs, stretches its crumpled wings, begins fanning them rhythmically. The effort brings quickening of circulation. As distribution of fluid becomes more even, the wings expand and smooth out; the antennae are raised and begin their delicate searching of the air; the long, heavy abdomen shrinks and hardens. Into the spring sky flutters a moth or butterfly, riotous in color, exquisite in grace, ready to provoke us to entranced amazement after all those long, dull months when — as the saddest and silliest of human phrases would have it — nothing has been happening.

VERITY OF VISION

BY SJANNA SOLUM

How may we judge the secret world
Intense, compact, securely furled,
Confined within each lonely skull?
Intangible, the beautiful
In isolated consciousness
Holds nothing more, or nothing less,
Than memories and hope — which own
Degrees of light, tone or half-tone
Of color, movement, music. Where
The curious scalpel can lay bare
The grooves of thought upon the brain,
This ciphers still unsolved remain . . .

Yet clearer than the eye alone,
The heart has vision of its own!

COOPER UNION, THE POOR MAN'S COLLEGE

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

WHAT, if anything, the city of New York has decided to do about cleaning up its most notorious street has nothing to do with this story. For longer than living New Yorkers can remember, the Bowery has been the last haven of the city's derelicts. At the head of the Bowery stands Cooper Square, a dusty triangle bounded by noisy three-way traffic. To the west are blocks of drab lofts dedicated to wholesale merchandise; eastward stretch treeless streets of cold-water walk-up tenements. It is an unlikely place for a college.

Yet here for ninety years has stood a celebrated monument to democratic education, the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art. Before it, on the only visible "campus," where students snatching a breath of air between classes share benches with hoboes, is a statue of the founder, modeled by a Cooper Union alumnus. The founder was Peter Cooper; the sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Peter Cooper at seventeen

was an apprentice working for the munificent salary of \$25 a year. Some fifty years later, he endowed this institution with funds from a fortune earned in the interval. To him, income brackets were an incidental variable in the American social pattern. Saint-Gaudens, the son of an immigrant French shoemaker, was also an apprentice by daylight. When Cooper Union taught him at night the principles of drawing, he, too, discovered the American tradition at the top of the Bowery. Today, in this singular cloister of advanced education, Peter Cooper, the engineer who built the first practical American locomotive, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens, pioneer of a new movement in American sculpture, stand as symbols of its purpose and achievement.

Peter Cooper was, as both his career and his fortune show, a practical man. It is natural enough that he should have founded a school of engineering, but that he insisted on including a curriculum in the arts is puzzling to

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later "hard-headed" engineers. In his day, however, (he died in 1883) there was a hazier line between these departments of activity. As a boy, Cooper was accustomed to hear what we call engineering described as "the mechanic arts." Inventors, tool-workers, craftsmen of all kinds were referred to as "artists." Even in his mature life, engine-builders adorned their work with Corinthian columns and every sort of ornament as though reluctant to divorce mechanics too sharply from architecture, painting and sculpture. Cooper Union, therefore, may have seemed anomalous in the hard-boiled period when engineers became specialists wholly absorbed in their slide rules, logarithms and revolutions per minute. Today we appear to be coming full circle with the new talk of "functional" beauty, with emphasis upon industrial design, and with skyscrapers, aircraft and suspension bridges, dominating so much that is written of art.

The present director of Cooper Union, Dr. Edwin Sharp Burdell — himself a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology — certainly sees no paradox. What is more — and here he occasionally horrifies the rigid specialists — he maintains not only that "science and art are two phases of living which cannot sensibly be separated," but also that

these phases are closely interwoven with philosophy, poetry, literature, history — all the "humanities." This is not an original concept, and educators may be found everywhere who hold it. The arresting thing about Burdell is that he has made his belief acceptable to the majority of his 2,000 students who come, for the most part, from drab New York tenements with a background of hardship and underprivilege, and who have a living to make — "and quick."

II

Cooper Union is free. There is no charge for tuition. It is not, however, in the ordinary sense, a "charity." To old Peter Cooper, education was one of the rights of man whether it was the three Rs of primary school or advanced specialization. He thought his own upward climb logical and natural, and thought that anyone with ability could do the same, given a reasonable chance. Where a man came from didn't matter. He might start as a bobbin boy like Carnegie, or be born with a silver spoon, like John Stevens. Thus Cooper Union has never required poverty from its candidates for admission. It makes no cult of underprivilege. A millionaire is as acceptable as the child of a "dead-end." No candidate is embarrassed by a "need clause" in his application.

Cooper Union is, however, one of

the most exclusive institutions in America. It is not interested in distinctions of race, religion, sex or color. But it is ruthless about ineptitude, incompetence and uncertainty. Its standards of intelligence and intellectual capacity are as high as those of the older, more leisurely universities. And experience with men like Michael Pupin, a creative genius in electrical invention, who ate his meals at the Bowery Mission while studying at Cooper Union, has proved that these standards can be met in the world's slums as well as on its cloistered campuses.

The screening which takes place every summer results in the survival of 6 or 7 per cent of the applicants for the three-, four- and six-year courses. In 1946, for example, 111 engineering students were admitted out of 1966 applicants. The art school took 90 out of 1464, about the same percentage. College Entrance Board examinations are only a step in the selection. Less than 20 per cent of those who pass are admitted. The examinations are followed by tests of intelligence, psychology and aptitude, which in turn are followed by interviews designed to establish with certainty that an aspiring artist or engineer would not do better in Wall Street or on a farm.

An interview with an engineering candidate will run something like this:

"Do you like to work with your hands, in a large shop where there is great activity? Does mathematics puzzle you, and would you rather learn from practice than out of books?" If the student answers affirmatively, he is advised to become an "artisan" and go elsewhere for his training. Another set of questions will show him to be a "technician," who likes to trace drawings and use instruments or even complicated equipment in carrying out someone else's plan. He, too, is given a list of other schools. It is only if he shows a flair for creative planning on his own, if he knows how to explain things to others and genuinely enjoys the study of mathematics, chemistry and physics, that he is kept for further detailed questioning on his aptitude.

Tests for the art school are blank sheets with a heading: "Draw, without shading, an elephant. A tricycle. A rabbit." Or the sheets will contain several drawn lines connected to make a bare shape. "With a few more lines this shape might make a house or a box. By adding any lines you wish, make at least four other objects." In a recent test there was a rough sketch of a tree with the instruction: "Add a figure beside the tree to make the tree look small." An aspirant to sculpture is given a pound of clay and must model certain figures. These tests are not designed to show

what previous training the candidate has had. They are judged for ability.

To meet the exigencies of boys and girls who must earn a living during their period of education, Cooper Union provides night as well as day curricula. A night student must stretch his work over six years to get a degree in engineering and four to obtain a "certificate" in art instead of the four and three years required of those who can follow the day curriculum. There is more leniency in the admission requirements for the night students. They need not, for instance, furnish a high school record, and the percentage of successful applicants has run as high as 21. Night students are helped to find daytime jobs in line with their planned careers. Thus an engineering student will work in an industrial plant where he can become eligible for a management position after completing his course. This gradual integration of education and operation is welcomed by industrialists who sometimes find a university graduate highly trained in theory but unfamiliar with practical conditions.

All this would seem to draw a sharp contrast between Cooper Union and the conventional American university where football, proms and late "bull-sessions" on the trinity of adolescence — athletics, religion and sex — claim the student's attention. Yet time in the hands of American

youth appears to be an elastic thing, even on New York's hectic lower East Side. Thus into a really tough schedule the students at Cooper Union have managed to squeeze eight clubs, five Greek-letter societies, three honorary societies, an athletic association, four sports teams, a student council, a newspaper, a year book, an orchestra and several dances. The most surprising outside activity is a yacht club which operates off City Island in the summer, taking part in regattas sponsored by the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association and diverting itself in the winter with model-building and special marine movies.

III

The casual visitor to Cooper Square sees the more austere aspects of its college. He may find a Victorian charm in the old building, but the trains roaring by on the Third Avenue elevated are distracting to memories of elms, ivy and a tranquil campus. The building, designed by old Peter himself, was something of a pioneer in the 1860s. Its wrought-iron girders — a product of Cooper's own iron works — made it one of New York's first approaches to fire-proof structure. There is a story about the beams which gives a hint of Peter's shrewdness. They were lying on the building site ready to be

erected when a fire burned the publishers, Harper and Brothers, out of house and home in Union Square. Peter showed Harpers his girders. "I can wait," he said, and the price Harpers paid for these girders made the building better than he had planned. The incident, he thought, justified his belief that "if the Lord wants me to build . . . He will provide the money."

The visitor may be amused by the round elevator shaft which the iron-master-educator installed because he was convinced that elevators, when they came, would be round in order to hold more people. He may be impressed by the Great Hall, in which Lincoln and twelve other presidents have spoken, and by a contrastingly modern art gallery on the sixth floor, where abstract painting, architectural designs and pictorial advertising, are displayed on the walls. But if he leaves at this point, or even after he has seen the later Hewitt building across the Square, he will know only half of Cooper Union. The other half contains what might be called its real campus. It lies 45 miles west of the Bowery.

A thousand-acre tract in the Ramapo mountains of New Jersey was presented to the Cooper Union in 1940. Its history, like that of the city buildings, is intimately bound up with Peter Cooper. It is part of an

estate Peter bought for his son-in-law, Abram Stevens Hewitt, who was secretary of Cooper Union's first Board of Trustees. It also has an important industrial background, having supplied the ores for much of the iron used in the Revolution. Later Abram Hewitt used its ores to introduce the open-hearth steel process in America. Hewitt's grandson, Norvin Hewitt Green, inherited it and gave it to Cooper Union for an engineering camp where the students could do their field work.

Doctor Burdell immediately saw further possibilities in this spacious gift — athletic fields, picnic grounds, trails for long hikes, ski and toboggan runs. He saw, too, a paradise for landscape painters. Presently dormitories and mess-halls were built or adapted from the old buildings on the property. Burdell then made it an essential part of the New York school to which every student should have access. He made it, in fact, a gateway to the school, to be entered by every freshman in the day engineering division, before the start of the first semester, for "orientation." A boy or girl who has never seen a tree or grass outside a park needs no great inducement to come to Ringwood in the second week of September.

The four days of orientation give the freshman an expansive breathing space. He finds himself in a pleasant

borderland between the struggles of the past and the efforts of the future. The central object of orientation is to introduce freshmen to one another and to the faculty. Work is at a minimum, and two hours a day are given to organized sports. But hours are devoted to small group discussions and to informal outdoor talks by instructors on the broad meaning of the work ahead. There are tours of the old estate among the furnaces, shops and other buildings of the nineteenth century iron and steel enterprises. One day is devoted to hikes over the mountains—an important preparation for the civil engineers. In the evening there are singing and movies.

Through the year, Ringwood remains open. Each weekend it is used by students for recreation—though then they must bring their own food. In recent years records show some 7000 “camper days” of use per year. In the spring the city-bred painters learn for the first time the look of a barnyard or a stream in the woods. (Their sketches often mirror their surprise.) In the summer the whole area is used for the outdoor training of civil engineers.

IV

The career of Cooper Union has not always been smooth sailing. For a number of years there was a marked

lapse from its early tradition of vitality. Trustees had come in who looked on their trusteeship as a side issue. The school was allowed to run by its own momentum and ran into ruts. The work become routine, there was a stuffed-shirt attitude of orthodoxy. The graduates were less enthusiastic than Pupin, Felix Frankfurter, Saint-Gaudens, George Kunz and others had been about their alma mater.

In 1935 Gano Dunn was elected President of the Board. Mr. Dunn is both a noted electrical engineer and a dynamic personality. He was instantly disturbed by what he saw, which seemed to him a departure from Peter Cooper's declaration of 1859: “The great object I desire to accomplish by the establishment of an institution devoted to the advancement of science and art, is to open the volume of nature by the light of truth.” Searching through the institution he found less “light of truth” than glare of hard facts. Students were sweating over their slide-rules and formulas and symbols or committing to memory sterile dogmas of painting and drawing. There was little inspiration to leadership, no understanding of history, philosophy, literature, economics or government. Some students could not even express themselves in lucid English.

Mr. Dunn wasted no time. In M.I.T. he found Edwin Burdell occupying the position of Dean of Humanities. In 1938 Burdell was installed as Director. Before the year was out this engineer-philosopher had brought a vacuum-cleaner to Cooper Square and was, incidentally, up to his ears in the dust of conflict he had stirred. "Humanities" became a fighting word.

The young people who had lifted themselves by their bootstraps into Cooper Union were damned if they would waste their precious time on Aristotle, Plato, Pliny, Descartes, Voltaire, Carlyle or Gibbon. What had Thales or Zeno to do with a polyphase motor? Or the theories of Adam Smith or Henry George with alloy steel? Picasso? Plainly a nut.

Burdell is patiently stubborn. He talked with rebellious boys and girls — and slapped in the "must" courses: Civilization I, II, III, IV, V and VI. Take them or leave them, he said, but if you left them you would not graduate from Cooper Union.

There was one boy angrier than the rest — a brilliant lad absorbed in electrical engineering. He pounded the table in the Director's office (which is accessible to every student) and told his friends his career was ruined. But at the end of his four-year course the boy was chosen class valedictorian. His address was on the

social and economic utopias of Plato, Thomas More and Edward Bellamy. These conceptions of perfection, he said, were like engineers' blueprints of machines — highly efficient on paper but falling short of the ideal when they were built. Thus a new vista had opened before this tough young specialist to mellow his later thinking.

In the gallery of the art school, where representative work of the students is hung, a freshman stopped before a painting. It was the last word in "abstract" art. "It is crazy," he said. "Do they expect me to fool with that nonsense? I aim to be a commercial artist." An instructor told him that the painting was made several years before by a girl who also aimed to be a commercial artist and was now earning \$20,000 a year in the art department of an advertising agency.

In the first year of the art school, all students take the same basic work, whether they intend to be portrait painters, wallpaper designers, magazine illustrators or sculptors. Here they explore the rudiments of form, line and color. The permission to express themselves freely often brings out a rash of abstractions, surrealism, cubism and many other forms. When they have learned the values of all these things they may settle down, if they like, to dress designing, automo-

bile advertising work, or the fine arts.

One of Peter Cooper's original purposes was to extend his school beyond its student body. He insisted that the Great Hall be open to the public for "regular courses of instruction, at night, free to all . . . on social and political science" and other branches of knowledge which "will tend to improve and elevate" the people. In the past, addresses were given here by Robert Ingersoll, John Tyndall, Mark Twain, William Lloyd Garrison, Booker T. Washington, Henry Ward Beecher and other less stellar notables. In Woodrow Wilson's time a bombardment of questions from the floor was permitted and Wilson called this "a real sporting event." Today these evening sessions have been co-ordinated into a program of adult education called The Cooper Union Forum. Lectures in

planned courses have been given by Bertrand Russell, James Conant, Harlow Shapley, Vannevar Bush, Norman Cousins, Clifton Fadiman, Eleanor Roosevelt, and several British and European speakers in subjects varying from "Superstitions and Stubborn Errors" to "Swords into Plowshares" and "Atomic Energy."

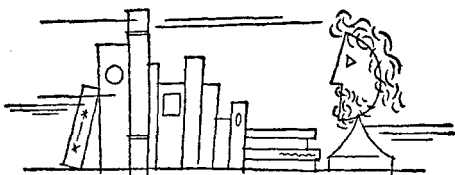
To keep all these activities within the budget permitted by an endowment fund stemming from Peter Cooper's gift (which by a modern appraisal looks small enough) is the job of Mr. Dunn and his fellow trustees: Elihu Root, junior, Walter S. Gifford, Barklie Henry and Irving S. Olds. Fortunately, other indigent lads like Peter have occasionally followed in his footsteps up the income ladder and have expressed their gratitude to Cooper Union in similar practical fashion.

YEAR'S END

BY FRANCES FROST

Under the plum-dark hills,
under the low gold sun,
in green and blue and red
brightly the children skate
across the frozen stream
like figures in a dream.
No gay, enchanted head
knows that the year is late
or fears the cyclotron
and frantic village bells.

THE LIBRARY



ON THE FREE SOCIETY

by **JOHN CHAMBERLAIN**

THE significant figure of our time is the grumbler, the grouse — indeed, our period may some day be known as the epoch of the Great Grouse. Virtually everybody wants something out of the blue: a pension without contributing to it, a subsidy without incurring a tax, ease without prior effort, Heaven without fighting sin. The politician, ever wary of the stir of desire at the grass roots, hastens to make his constituents happy by removing the cause of the Grouse. He dishes out the government support for corn, wheat or hogs, the RFC loan for a better mousetrap. But the Great Grouse goes on; people double their complaints the way an inveterate gambler doubles his stakes. Envy is the most catching of the emotions

—and if one man, group or class can have a subsidy there is no reason why everyone else isn't morally entitled to his own largesse. The result is self-defeating; when everybody is getting his, nobody is better off. Indeed, everybody is worse off — for the administration of the self-canceling subsidy system takes time and energy away from the system of primary production. There is simply less to go around. The resulting poverty can be shared, but hope is deferred for the naturally energetic individual and progress tends to stop.

And so we arrive at the paradoxical situation which Ludwig von Mises, famous head of the Austrian school of economics, describes in rich detail in his *Human Action: A Treatise on Economics* [\$10.00. Yale University Press]. State interventionism in the economic process runs to crisis, crisis provokes socialization, the cumulative

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, currently a member of *Life* magazine's board of editors, has written on political, economic and literary subjects for many publications. He has also been a daily book reviewer for the *New York Times* and the literary editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

effect of piecemeal socialization is socialism, and socialist centralism leads to tyranny or apathy or a combination of the two. Such is the "law of motion" of our age. The quest for security ends in universal uneasiness, the desire for comradeship is blunted by the hard facts of the stool-pigeon and the government agent. Spontaneity disappears from life; the intriguer, the courtier, replaces the inventive man; and the greed that once characterized the capitalist buccaneer is diffused throughout society, with everybody trying to sneak a perquisite or two in place of the higher-bracket money he can no longer keep.

To Dr. von Mises, who is utterly uncompromising, the root of all our troubles is the abandonment of *laissez faire*. Dr. von Mises is of the school which insists that we owe practically everything we have to historic capitalism. In one ringing paragraph he says:

The fact that the standard of living of the average American worker is incomparably more satisfactory than that of the average Chinese worker, that in the United States hours of work are shorter and that children are sent to school and not to the factories, is not an achievement of the government and of the laws of the country. It is the outcome of the fact that the capital invested per head of the em-

ployees is much greater than in China and that consequently the marginal productivity of labor is much higher. This is not the merit of "social politics"; it is the result of the *laissez faire* methods of the past which abstained from sabotaging the evolution of capitalism. It is this *laissez faire* that the Asiatics must adopt if they want to improve the lot of their peoples.

Such a stark, uncompromising defense of *laissez faire* will hardly gain converts in the Era of the Great Grouse. But the fault is not one of logic, it is one of semantics. To be useful once more, the concept of *laissez faire* must be scrubbed clean of its past associations. To the American student, *laissez faire* has overtones of derision; it is what Jay Gould and Jim Fisk practiced when they milked the Erie Railroad; it is what happened when the bankers watered the financial structure of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. *Laissez faire* conjures up pictures of Old Law tenements, of the Pinkertons shooting down the strikers at Homestead. It has been the verbal cloak employed by the tariff snatcher, the protective coloration adopted by the man with the restrictionist agreement to sell to his trade association. When real *laissez faire* was taught at Yale University in the post-Civil War years by William Graham Sumner, the capitalists of the period growled and

raised a kitty to set up General Francis Walker to teach protectionism in the same institution. The NRA, great restrictionist mechanism of the first Roosevelt term, came out of Chamber of Commerce thinking; the AAA, which carried restrictionism to the farms, was pushed by manufacturers who wanted the government to subsidize a market for their plows. Thus the capitalist has been his own worst enemy in bringing *laissez faire* into disrepute. People will begin to believe the capitalist again when he starts campaigning for the abolition of the tariff and refusing RFC hand-outs. Until that day he will stand convicted of using his verbal tools not as precision instruments but as masks for hypocrisy. And the misused verbal tools will be useless to the economist.

II

The lack of ingratiating, of real semantic adeptness, in Dr. von Mises' book, however, does not vitiate its rock-bottom virtues. The great value of *Human Action* is that it sees economics in perspective. To Dr. von Mises, economics is part of a larger science, or study, which he chooses to call praxeology. Praxeology is the study of what happens when human beings exercise choice. The classical economists, says Dr. von Mises, came to grief when they failed to perceive that all types of human

action have an effect on prices. The religious ascetic who denies the call of the flesh has his impact on the market no less than the voluptuary; the advocate of skiing and the Strenuous Life may wreak unconscious disaster in the market for central heating equipment. All choices have a bearing on economic value; and a theory of value, to be correct, must come to grips with the subjectivism of human choice in general. There can be no objective measure of value, such as labor-hours, or units of energy expended. If choice turns its face away from an object, that object is humanly without value no matter how many hours of labor or units of energy have gone into its creation.

Praxeologically speaking, free economic choice is bound up with freedom of choice in general. The free market — "free enterprise" — is something that exists in the foreground of a far wider philosophical picture. People who defend "free enterprise" and then turn around and plump for compulsory military service, or prohibition, or a ban on immigration, or imperialist domination, are guilty of going out into the street with their philosophical clothes in tatters. The enterpriser who wants freedom for himself must be prepared to grant freedom to the Negro to ride in Pullmans and freedom to DPs to come out from behind the barbed

wire. If he is not for all aspects of freedom he will find himself without allies or even well-wishers in his own particular fight.

The interconnectedness of all economic phenomena — indeed, of all human action — leads Dr. von Mises to his attack on the specialized economist. People who think in terms of “labor economics,” or “agricultural economics,” invariably give their clients misleading advice, for they fail to pursue their researches to the point of estimating reciprocal activity. The specialized economist is largely to blame for the welter of interventionist laws that have grown up since 1914; he fails to see that one intervention must breed another. Because of the interconnectedness of economic phenomena, interventionism must generally fail of its objective. Interventionism may enrich one group at the expense of another for the short run, but since tariffs and subsidies and the like all tend to keep the factors of production from being employed to best natural advantage the general result is to restrict the over-all creation of wealth. The end of interventionism is bankruptcy, for as one “surplus” after another is confiscated by government to keep the system going society is gradually bled white. You can’t shoot Santa Claus, but Santa gradually dies of pernicious anemia.

Like his pupil, Hayek, von Mises thinks very little of the possibility of maintaining a democratic socialism. The free market economy makes peaceful cooperation among people possible in spite of the fact that they disagree about value judgments. But if there is to be socialist planning of production, spontaneous individual choice becomes a logical impossibility. He who wills the plan must also will the means to the plan’s fulfillment. Theoretically, representatives of the population could meet from time to time to thresh out priorities in investment and consumption. But the group in charge of carrying the plan into effect would have such a life-and-death grip on jobs and the allocation of the factors of production (including money for wages) that only the hardiest would dare question the wisdom of the planning powers once a decision had been taken. Once the planner is in the saddle, he rides mankind.

He even rides mankind without knowing where the road is ultimately leading him. For the planner in a socialist State is bereft of signposts. In a free economy, the corporation executive knows he is on the wrong road when the customers fail to respond. Red ink in his ledgers is as much of a warning as red in a thermometer. But the planner in a socialist economy can have no means

of calculating. Where free choice is outlawed, prices cease to be any indication of comparative value. Without a market to give information about costs, how is the socialist planner to know the most economical way to build a hydroelectric station? The socialist planner must proceed at random; he gropes in the economic dark. The only way he can get order into his plan is to build for war or for some other non-economic end.

III

As long as a few capitalist nations still exist, the socialist nations can, of course, determine costs and prices by virtue of information divulged by foreign exchange rates and the export market. But if the United States, Belgium, Switzerland and Holland were to go socialist, for example, what would England and Russia do then? Socialists often argue that they can have a market on an "as if" basis. But von Mises knocks down each and every "as if" proposal that has been made. Anyway, the unforeseen need for socialists to imitate the free market system is hardly proof of the Marxist contention that capitalism is synonymous with "anarchy of production." As Dr. von Mises correctly points out, the issue is not one of capitalist "automatism" versus "conscious" socialist planning; it is, rather, the issue of "the autonomous action

of each individual versus the exclusive action of the government." Rightly understood, *laissez faire* means: "Let each individual choose how he wants to cooperate in the social division of labor; let the consumers determine what the entrepreneurs should produce." The individual may choose to be a square peg in a round hole; the consumer may elect to listen to bad giveaway programs on the radio and go to shoddy movies. But the alternative is to accept dictation in work and refreshment, and what free man can agree to that? Better run the risks of mistaken individual judgment and bad individual taste than trifle with a dictator. The dictator may begin by emulating Robin Hood; he normally ends by becoming Robin Hoodlum.

Dr. von Mises's book is not for everybody — its rigorous intellectualism yields very little in the way of æsthetic pleasure for the reader. And in at least two sections bearing on the idea of "natural law," it tends to defeat itself. For some unaccountable reason, Dr. von Mises attacks the very idea of natural law, along with its corollary of natural rights. Yet his whole system of economics and praxeology would seem to depend on the ability of human beings to discover the natural law to which positive, or man-made, law must correspond if man is not continually to do violence to himself. If there is no such

thing as natural law, how can the relation of means to ends be determined? How escape the sort of moral relativity that concludes by saying that "might makes right," or "anything goes — even Herr Hitler"?

Dr. von Mises praises the Utilitarians of nineteenth-century England. "The Utilitarians," he says, "do not combat arbitrary government and privileges because they are against natural law but because they are detrimental to prosperity." But he might have damned the Utilitarians with far better logic for failing to tell us that "the natural law of arbitrary government and privileges is to prevent prosperity and to spread poverty." A natural law is not something mystically enshrined on some Sinai; it is nothing more nor less than a true statement of how things work out. Paradoxically, the human being cannot exercise free choice, he cannot behave as a praxeological entity, if

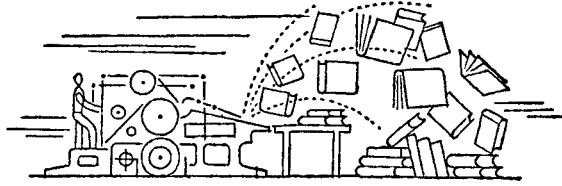
natural law — or the relation of cause to effect — is beyond his comprehension. On Dr. von Mises' own showing, the "natural law" of government intervention in the economic process is to reduce the supply of capital and goods, to spread misery and to shorten the life span. The interventionist government thus infringes certain "natural rights" that may be deduced from natural law — it strikes at the human being's "right" to life, health and a full stomach. If Dr. von Mises' work is not actually a gigantic essay in defense of natural economic law and natural economic rights, then it is far less valuable than I take it to be. The truth of the matter would seem to be that Dr. von Mises has permitted the theological interpretation of the idea of natural law to throw him momentarily off his stride. That doesn't discredit either the idea of natural law or the great value of Dr. von Mises' book.

PHRASE ORIGINS—59

MOUNT THE ROSTRUM: *We read at election time that two opponents are going to "share a rostrum." A rostrum is, of course, a speaker's platform. The origin of the word takes us back to an important event in Roman history, which occurred at a place that is everlastingly linked with our own history. In 338 B.C., the Roman soldiers descended upon Antium, the modern Anzio, and cleaned out a nest of pirates. They took away all the pirates' war galleys and mounted the beaks (rostra) of the ships on the speaker's platform in the Forum. Strictly speaking, we should use the word "rostra," the plural of rostrum, since the Romans called the place "Rostra." However, nobody is that purist nowadays.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE CHECK LIST



PUBLIC QUESTIONS

AUTHORITY AND THE INDIVIDUAL, by Bertrand Russell. \$2.00. *Simon & Schuster*. In this short book, which formed the Reith Lectures over the British Broadcasting Corporation last year, the eminent English philosopher considers the problem of the individual versus the State. He doesn't come to any real conclusion, except the obvious one that "social cohesion" must never reach the stage where it can in any way stifle initiative, but he touches upon all the major sciences, correlating them and interpreting them with great lucidity, learning, and wisdom. It is a model of popular adult education.

KILLERS OF THE DREAM, by Lilian Smith. \$3.00. *Norton*. In large part, this is an angry and stirring book. Miss Smith writes less as a sociologist than as a Southern woman who is outraged by the attitude of her fellow whites toward the Negro. She thinks that that attitude, as expressed in the mumbo-jumbo about "Southern tradition, segregation, states' rights," reflects "the secret fears of our people" regarding Negro men and

women. As a result, "the lynched Negro becomes not an object that must die but a receptacle for every man's dammed-up hate, and a receptacle for every man's forbidden sex feelings." In such an atmosphere, all progress is virtually impossible: "A poverty-making pattern of life had slid as softly as cotton, inch by inch, across the region, smothering men's hearts and minds and bodies."

HERE IS NEW YORK, by E. B. White. \$1.00. *Harper*. A hymn to New York City, "this mischievous and marvelous monument which not to look upon would be like death." Mr. White loves the city, its shades, shadows, slums, and apparent inhumanity as well as its romance, drama, warmth and sheer, ineffable magnificence. Those who share Mr. White's emotion will treasure the book; others are warned that if they read it they will probably end up feeling exactly the same way as does Mr. White.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CHINESE CONQUER CHINA, by Anna Louise Strong. \$3.00. *Double-day*. Miss Strong's expulsion from the

Soviet Union as an espionage agent last year seems not to have affected her loyalty to Stalin or his agents abroad. This book renews her old contention that Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communists are true friends of the people, committed to Russia only by virtue of their superior Marxist education, and willing to do business with the U. S. if a "progressive" government should somehow win power here. In view of the Communist abuse that has been heaped upon her in this country, Miss Strong's continuing infatuation with Stalinism makes rather pathetic reading.

A COMMUNIST PARTY IN ACTION, *An Account of the Organization and Operations in France*, by A. Rossi. \$4.00. Yale. A brilliant analysis of the strengths and weaknesses of the French CP, done by a former Party functionary whose break, in 1929, occasioned a vehement denunciation by Stalin. M. Rossi's work, which was previously published in France, adds only details to what we already know about Stalinism in action, but it is steadily exciting because of his philosophical maturity, gift for characterization, and feeling for the dramatic. A superb job.

LITERATURE

DON QUIXOTE, by Miguel de Cervantes, translated by Samuel Putnam. 2 volumes. \$10.00. Viking. In his introduction, Mr. Putnam rightly says that "Cervantes was very badly handled by his early English-language trans-

lators," particularly by Motteux. Here he attempts a wholly new translation of what is probably the greatest novel ever written, according to authorities no less eminent than Dostoyevsky, Coleridge, and Macaulay. All a lay reader, who knows no Spanish whatsoever, can say is that this work by Mr. Putnam makes beautiful reading and is immensely superior, as such, to any of the more familiar translations which have preceded it. His brief sketch of Cervantes' life, his variant readings, his variorum notes, and his bibliography, add to the value of the work, which may well be of first importance in literary history.

THE PORTABLE MATTHEW ARNOLD, edited by Lionel Trilling. \$2.00. Viking. Another superb Portable, easily among the best. Dr. Trilling has made a generous selection from Arnold's poems, criticism, political writings and letters. His introduction, it need hardly be said, is masterly. He says that "Of the literary men of the great English nineteenth century there are few who have stayed quite so fresh, so immediate, and so relevant as Matthew Arnold."

LOVE AND DEATH, by G. Legman. \$1.00. *Breaking Point*. Mr. Legman's central thesis is that there has been a conspiracy against the natural and full-bodied experience of sex, and especially against honest writing about it. "There is no mundane substitute for sex except sadism," he says, and he explores contemporary literature (also comic books) from this point of view. His analyses of

the works of Hemingway and Maugham are filled with shrewd observations, and he has a great deal of interest to say about the man-woman conflict of our time. Altogether an unusual book, occasionally bizarre but always highly suggestive.

SPOKESMEN FOR GOD, by Edith Hamilton. \$3.00. *Norton*. The eminent classical scholar here discusses the personalities and ideas of the great teachers and prophets of the Old Testament. She writes out of a vast knowledge and with sharp critical intelligence unencumbered by any theological orthodoxy. Thus she really makes them interesting, and her book should appeal to all intelligent men and women who cannot accept the Old Testament as taught in established churches, but who realize that the men behind it were of massive stature and bore a message of perennial relevance.

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH, by André Gide. \$3.00. *Knopf*. This is really two books: *The Fruits of the Earth*, originally published in 1897, and now translated into English for the first time; and *The New Fruits*, which originally appeared in 1935, when Gide had a short-lived liking for Communism. It is difficult to describe these books: they are made up of stray comments upon life in general and upon the passing scene. In both Gide comes out strongly for the full life of desire, because "Each animal is nothing but a parcel of joy. Everything is glad to be and every being rejoices. You call it fruit when joy

becomes succulence, bird when it is turned into song." There are sharp insights throughout the volume, but much of it, unfortunately, doesn't make much sense. The translation is by Dorothy Bussy.

BIOGRAPHY

F.D.R. MY BOSS, by Grace Tully. \$3.50. *Scribners*. So far the most understanding and revealing books about the war President seem to have been written by women — Miss Perkins, Mrs. Roosevelt, and now Miss Tully, secretary to the President from 1928 till his death in 1945. She adored him, as did most women who got close to him, but was not blind to his petty failings. Here she tells mostly personal things about him — how he was partial to martinis; what genuine liking he had for Willkie and Landon, but how he disliked Hoover and Dewey — especially Dewey, for whom he had "cold contempt"; how considerate he was of the private problems of his staff; what intense family feeling he had; with what amazing calmness he reacted to the news of Pearl Harbor; how he dictated his war message to Congress — "without hesitation, interruption or second thoughts." Miss Tully writes modestly and clearly. Obviously a sharply observant woman, she discloses much more about the man her boss was than she realizes, and her book will be carefully studied by scholars.

MAUPASSANT: A LION IN THE PATH, by Francis Steegmuller. \$5.00.

Random House. Mr. Steegmuller's chief contribution to the critical study of the celebrated French short-story writer is his analysis of the great influence his mother (and her troubles with her adulterous husband) had upon his tales, especially his preoccupation with seduction and adultery. Perhaps of equal importance is his claim that there are 65 fake Maupassant stories, and he lists them all by name. Finally, he offers in translation, for the first time in any book, four stories which originally appeared in two French newspapers. Unfortunately, these stories are not of the first order. There are ten good photographs.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, *A Victorian Romantic*, by Oswald Doughty. \$10.00. Yale. Professor Doughty scatters most of the fog encircling the indolent painter-poet whose mystic work, though meagre, still managed to capture the prim Victorian mind. It was Rossetti, he maintains, who kept the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood together as a sociable group of poor young artists, in vague revolt against the classics. And it was Rossetti who later led their remnants from realism to æstheticism. Fluent, amusing, definitive — much more than a mere scholar's handbook.

POETRY

DURABLE FIRE, by Joseph Joel Keith. \$2.00. *Decker*. Mr. Keith's latest book clearly puts him in the front rank of young American poets. He reveals new

powers of observation, new depths of perception; and a fine cosmic philosophy, compounded of both sadness and ecstasy, is beginning to suffuse more and more of his verses. Something else is becoming apparent, especially in such poems as "By These Words," "The Hands," "Definitions," and "Woman Telephoning," namely, a greater fidelity to the dictates of what Robert Frost referred to as "the lump in the throat" in the process of creating poetry. Mr. Keith has never fallen for the artifice of building fancy unintelligibilities upon second-hand emotions; he builds upon the still, small voices of searing mid-day reveries and of deep-plunging echoes of midnight.

100 MODERN POEMS, selected and with an introduction by Selden Rodman. \$2.75. *Pellegrini & Cudahy*. American, English and European poets are represented here, some in English translation for the first time. Familiar and unfamiliar names appear, among them Rilke, Rimbaud, St. J. Perse, Aragon, Brecht, T. S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Wallace Stevens, e. e. cummings, John Crowe Ransom, D. H. Lawrence, Peter Viereck, Karl Shapiro, W. B. Yeats, W. C. Williams, and Mr. Rodman himself. The collection probably gives a good cross-section of modern poetry, but one must add that much of it makes dreary reading. Men like Eliot, Yeats, Claudel, Lawrence, Frost, and possibly three or four others, had something to say, but the Ransoms and Vierecks and Stevenses and Audens are little more than pretentious bores. The introduction inclines to be pompous.

THE OPEN FORUM



WHOSE SELF-SUFFICIENCY?

SIR: This is to compliment the *MERCURY* for the very interesting article by C. Lester Walker in the December issue. His piece on "Our Growing Self-Sufficiency" does a lot to explain the current dollar shortage in Europe and to account for the world economic crisis.

However, there is one aspect of American economic policy which I wish Mr. Walker had underscored. This is the matter of our hypocrisy in pressing now for free trade throughout the world. We are, and have been ever since the Havana Conference, demanding that the rest of the world pursue free trade in one form or another. Our demands are presented to Europe not only as sound economic policy, but as something *morally* desirable.

The trouble with this is that our industry is so much more developed than Europe's or Latin America's. Free trade enables us to undersell almost anyone in almost any part of the world. During the years when we were trying to build up our industry, we were strict protectionists. But now that we've completed

the job, and other parts of the world are trying to imitate us, we become smug free-traders.

The worst twist of the screw is that American industries which still do need protection are, for the most part, getting plenty of it.

HENRY L. MORRIS

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

A CHEER FOR SAROYAN

SIR: Congratulations on bringing William Saroyan back into the fold. I always enjoyed his short stories in the *MERCURY* some years back, and his play in your December issue, "Once Around the Block," was also wonderful reading. I'd like to see it produced somewhere.

GERALD SULLIVAN

Boston, Mass.

FEMALE GENIUSES

SIR: I wonder if I may be permitted one last word on Waverley Root's article, "Women Are Intellectually In-

ferior," in your October issue, and on the correspondence it provoked for "The Open Forum" in subsequent issues.

When I read the original article, I was convinced that Mr. Root was probably right. But it took some hostile letters from your readers to assure me that he was. Mr. Root's critics all make this same argument against him, though each letter has its own twist. Fundamentally, they argue that he has overlooked the biological problems of women, that it's not so much women's inability to be geniuses as their strong drive to devote their energies to producing and caring for children. This argument, it seems to me, only confirms Mr. Root. It is precisely this need to rear children that keeps women from ever achieving greatness in other fields. In other words, their intellectual inadequacies have a biological source, *i.e.*, they are *natural*.

HARVEY R. RUNDQUIST

Salem, Ore.

OSTEOPATHY VS. ORTHODOX MEDICINE

SIR: Dr. Wassersug opens his reply to my article, "The Case for Osteopathy" [see the January *MERCURY*], with a description of three cases in which osteopathic physicians failed either in giving more than temporary relief, or in correctly diagnosing the condition in the first place. Dr. Wassersug speaks of these and other patients being "rescued" by an old-school physician. I am sure that any physician, of whatever school of practice, can tell of instances where he has failed to make a correct diagnosis or

give the proper treatment and has been chagrined to find that another physician has succeeded where he has failed. I can think, humbly, of times when I have been "rescued" or when my patient decided upon his own rescue at the hands of a physician either of the orthodox or osteopathic school of practice.

Dr. Wassersug takes issue with the implication — entirely unconscious on my part — that the orthodox physician cannot do what the osteopathic physician can. That attitude, I suppose, crept in for the simple reason that the majority of patients treated by osteopathic physicians have been to orthodox physicians first. Osteopathy does not cure them all. But osteopathy gives enough help in enough cases so that more and more people come to osteopathic physicians without waiting to go the rounds of physicians of other schools. And more and more people, finding that osteopathy is a complete school of practice, come to the osteopathic physician for general care.

In discussing Dr. Still's "platform," Dr. Wassersug unearths some of Dr. Still's original statements of his beliefs in respect to disease and therapy. Dr. Still's "non-drug" attitude must not be taken apart from his times. The medical treatment of disease in Still's early days was in wholesale drugging. People swallowed unbelievable amounts of "blood purifiers." Such was the intake of drugs that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking before the Massachusetts Medical Society, in 1860, said, "I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica* as now

used could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind — and all the worse for the fishes.” Dr. Still, also, inveighed against this unrestrained drugging and asserted that the structurally normal body contains within itself all the remedies necessary for the cure of disease. Or, as he often put it, “The body is its own drug-store.”

Dr. Still’s writings, like the writings of anyone who lived in another century, must be studied in the light of contemporary thought. When Dr. Still worked out many of his theories of disease, the real causes of these diseases were wholly unknown. Two of his theories, however, have stood the test of time and have been appropriated by medical men, without, of course, any reference to osteopathy. The two theories referred to are, first, the belief that the body may be likened to a machine, and that if the machine is in proper adjustment it will function normally; and, second, the belief that the normal human body makes its own remedies against infections and other toxic agents, but that only when the body is structurally correct can it make such remedies and distribute them where needed.

Listen to Dr. Robert B. Osgood, instructor in orthopedic surgery at Harvard University Medical School, speaking at a meeting of the Subcommittee on Orthopedics and Body Mechanics of the Committee on Medical Care for Children, at the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection: Dr. Osgood stated that the members of the subcommittee “have endeavored to focus

attention upon body mechanics, which may be defined as ‘the mechanical correlation of the various systems of the body with special reference to the skeletal, muscular, and visceral systems,’ perhaps with the circulatory and nervous systems as well. Normal body mechanics may be said to obtain when the mechanical correlation is most favorable to the function of these systems.”

How much closer can one get to saying that the body is a machine and when in proper adjustment will function normally, without actually saying it?

Let me reassure Dr. Wassersug that A. T. Still was originally a physician of the old school. Like many physicians of the time, Still served an apprenticeship — in his case, under his father, a physician and preacher to the Indians. After practicing for several years, Still took work at the Kansas City School of Physicians and Surgeons, and when a medical practice act was passed in Missouri, in 1874, Dr. Still was registered as a physician and surgeon in Macon County in that same year. He was also registered as a physician and surgeon in Adair County, his certificate bearing the date of July 28, 1883.

As to Dr. Still’s later attitude toward such things as laboratory diagnosis, X-ray, hydrotherapy and drugs of proved value, long before Dr. Still’s death in 1917 the American School of Osteopathy, at Kirksville, gave instruction in these departments and you may be sure that the “Old Doctor” had much to do with the development of the curriculum at Kirksville College. Actually, the Col-

lege installed the second X-ray machine to be used west of the Mississippi. Far from being a millstone that retarded the progress of osteopathy, Dr. Still's theories were inclusive and flexible enough to include all remedies or procedures that would help in the curing of people's ills.

In this connection, I wondered more than once as I read his "reply," whether or not Dr. Wassersug was answering some preconceived notion of his own as to just what osteopathy is. He speaks of "heart disease," of pneumonia, of diabetes, and of pernicious anemia, and challenges the osteopathic physician to give relief with his spinal treatment. The results osteopathy obtained in certain of these conditions before the advent of the newer remedies were impressive, but the osteopathic physician of today does not hesitate, in addition, to avail himself of the benefits of penicillin, sulfa, insulin, digitalis, folic acid, the anti-histaminics, or shock therapy. Osteopathy is glad to take advantage of all procedures of proved value, no matter by whom discovered. But osteopathy is just a little skeptical of many of the "wonder drugs" which, hailed with rejoicing by the medical profession and the public, may turn out later to be disappointments.

Dr. Wassersug, like many medical men, apparently will not accept the fact that the training of osteopathic physicians is in every way comparable to his own. Osteopathy's first school opened in 1892, yet, by 1949, in the minds of most State Education Departments, osteopathy had reached the same high place as orthodox medicine. Osteopathic phy-

sicians meet the same requirements for practice as their colleagues of the old school.

Dr. Fishbein's reference to osteopathy as "medicine by way of the back door" was uttered many years ago. Since then, I understand, the fact that osteopathic colleges occupy the same high standing as medical colleges has caused Dr. Fishbein to change his mind. Certainly the accusation has become a bit archaic, like most medical men's conception of osteopathy.

As for Dr. Wassersug's description of the osteopathic lesion as "double talk," I wish he would re-read the section of "The Case for Osteopathy" which deals with this matter. He will see that I have been quite specific in my description of lesions, whether they are lesions involving vertebral or other joints (subluxations), or lesions of muscle or other soft tissue (usually either congestions or spasm). He will find, also, if he consults medical literature, that his own colleagues are proving the principles of osteopathy — without using the name, of course. For instance, in the August 1, 1949, issue of the *New York State Journal of Medicine*, an article emphasizes subluxations of the cervical spine as a cause of migraine headache, an article I can recommend in all but the technique set forth for the reduction of the subluxation. (This technique is as outdated as are most of the methods used by the imitators of osteopathic physicians.)

Or Dr. Wassersug may consult the July 16, 1949, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and read

an article entitled "Headache" which states that injuries to the upper three cervical vertebrae cause a derangement of the intervertebral joints (in osteopathic parlance, a vertebral lesion) resulting in headache. The author of the article, as well as other authors he quotes, is quite vague as to the mechanism through which the subluxation causes the headache. They just know it happens. The point, here, is not whether these writers, and Dr. Osgood, got their inspiration from osteopathy. It is enough to say that they are making statements which, when found in osteopathic publications are called confused and "double talk."

And Dr. Wassersug will find, if he consults any recognized work on physiology, complete substantiation of the principles of osteopathy. Further, grants from the United States government for continued osteopathic research set the seal of government approval on the basic tenets of the philosophy.

Also, if Dr. Wassersug will re-read the section of "The Case for Osteopathy" which deals with osteopathic care of psychosomatic conditions and the psychoses, he will, or should be, slightly impatient with himself for dismissing it as a "back rub" or a "massage." Again Dr. Wassersug returns to his preconceived notions of osteopathy, completely disregarding my mention of the effect of lesions on the circulation of the brain, a "discovery" which his colleague triumphantly heralds in the article on neck subluxations as a cause of migraine. I say, again, osteopathic institutions use all ac-

cepted methods in dealing with mental cases. In addition, they have the advantage of men trained to discover physical abnormalities that may be important in causing the condition, or which, in any event, may be instrumental in preventing recovery.

As people appreciate the benefits of physical treatment, they often wonder why, with emphasis placed on the most natural methods, all treatments of value are not embraced by one school of practice. Osteopathy can say that it is that school.

DONALD B. THORBURN, D.O., PH.D.

New York City

SIR: It is gratifying to read Dr. Thorburn's admission of the possible errors of osteopathy. This humility, which is befitting a physician of any school, was unfortunately lacking in his original article.

In regard to Dr. Still's "platform," I can only reiterate what I have already said. It is the keystone of osteopathy. Dr. Thorburn apparently rejects Still's teachings. I am glad that he does. If more osteopaths did, they would be better physicians in every sense of the word. None of Dr. Still's theories has stood the test of time. Hunch-back cripples can produce anti-toxins in their bloodstream as efficiently as trained athletes. As for the quotation from Dr. Robert B. Osgood, it is taken out of its context, misappropriated and given a new meaning. Dr. Osgood is a well known orthopedic surgeon and his statements refer only to the mechanics of the body, not to its physiology or chemistry.

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Admitting that Dr. A. T. Still was a "physician of the old school," it is well to remember that in 1874 some of the medical schools were notorious "diploma mills" in which a medical degree could be obtained by the most casual and brief contact with medicine. Since then, modern medicine, particularly through the efforts of the American Medical Association, has made terrific strides in elevating its standards. It would be well to note that the standards of osteopathy are still largely inferior. At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Dr. Vlado A. Getting, Commissioner of the Department of Public Health of Massachusetts, discussed the rôle of Federal funds in state health programs. In this connection he states, "In the Committee on Medical Economics and in the Committee on National Legislation, of which committees I happen to be a member, it was decided that we in our letters to Congress would indicate that the Society is not in favor of any legislation that would support schools of osteopathy." Can anything speak louder about osteopathy's inferior standards than this refusal on his part to acknowledge schools of osteopathy as equivalent to regular medical schools?

It must be stated emphatically that Dr. Wassersug has no "preconceived" notions about osteopathy. In fact, his relations with osteopathy have been most cordial, and he has been invited to speak at their meetings. Dr. Wassersug learned about osteopathy from osteopaths, from the unfortunate experiences of osteopaths' patients, from Dr. Thorburn's article, and from a brief but intensive review of osteopathic literature. Unfor-

unately, all this evidence succeeded only in convincing him that osteopathy, as it is practiced today, is still largely a cult.

The article to which Dr. Thorburn refers in the July 16 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* is written by Dr. A. I. Josey, and deals with a group of twenty patients who were studied by this physician over the past two years. Dr. Josey does not pretend in this article that *all* headaches are due to changes in the cervical spine. Nor does he believe, apparently, that the fancy mumbo-jumbo and manipulations of the osteopath are essential for cure. "Treatment," he says "is mainly directed toward simple immobilization of the head traction."

Furthermore, Dr. Thorburn should be advised that the *Journal of the American Medical Association* does not print only material that is proved and accepted by the entire medical profession. The *Journal* also prints data that are experimental or tentative. Dr. Josey in his article has been given an opportunity to express his viewpoints.

Dr. Thorburn states: "The results osteopathy obtained in certain of these conditions *before the advent of the newer remedies* were impressive." [Italics added — J. D. W.] This admission, I believe, is the most damaging one to his cause. Why should any sick person accept any treatment that was good *once upon a time* but is inferior to the best that is available today? Compared to any other "healer," the modern physician today is still the one best trained to care for the sick. Why accept less?

JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.
Quincy, Mass.

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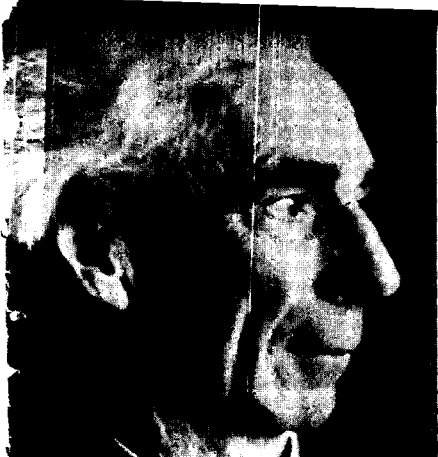
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